

The Sketch

No. 807.—Vol. LXIII.

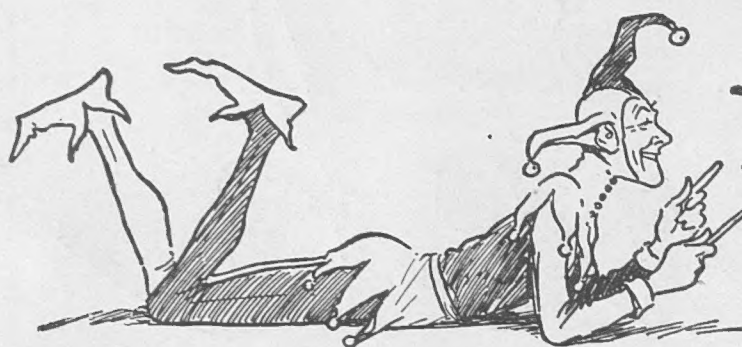
WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



TEDDY BEAR IN POLITICS: THE "CAUSE OF THE RUMPUS."

At the Chicago Conference for the nomination of Mr. Taft a huge Teddy bear was thrown among the audience by Miss Myrtle Haines. It fell in the Illinois delegation, and was pitched from delegation to delegation for about fifty minutes during a scene of indescribable uproar in favour of Mr. Taft.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



How it Feels to be Dumb.

Have you ever been dumb, friend the reader? I do not mean poetically dumb, or politically dumb, or eloquently dumb, or any soft nonsense of that sort, but literally inarticulate. I have. I have been dumb for the last four days, and I thought it might amuse you, very slightly, to hear my experiences. I went dumb the very morning after I travelled to Blackpool—my annual pilgrimage to worship at the shrine of Huddlestone, Tiller, Sims, Finck, and Fletcher, you know. Perhaps I caught cold in the train; perhaps my barber had clipped away too much hair: I cannot tell. Anyway, I went to bed talkative and woke up dumb. I made the discovery in this way. At eight o'clock in the morning, as my custom is, I rang for tea. The ring was answered by a tap at the door. I tried to say "Come in," brightly, but the effort was not successful. I was conscious of a pain in the throat, but no sound. Again the tap at the door. There was nothing for it but to get out of bed, throat or no throat, and open the door. I did so, and found, standing on the mat, a shy little chambermaid of sixty. She asked me what it was that I might be pleased to want. I struggled very hard indeed, for my dignity's sake, to say "Tea." Useless. The pain brought tears to my eyes. I made a sign of drinking. The shy little chambermaid shook her head.

Joy of "G. R. S." and Finck.

Bringing all my ingenuity to bear upon the predicament, I imitated, with clever touches of realism, the actions of one pouring tea from a pot into a cup, adding milk and sugar, stirring it up, and drinking. Still she shook her head, edging down the corridor a little. I had talked to her on my arrival; why could I not talk now? She was joined, presently, by a colleague. Again I went through my pantomime. The colleague laughed. She was a skittish young Lancashire lass of five-and-fifty, and evidently took life lightly. Finally, of course, I wrote down the missing word and secured my tea. I could not drink it, but will spare you the painful details that must be familiar to anyone who has ever suffered—and who has not?—from laryngitis. Let me pass on to the scene at the breakfast-table. As I walked up the dining-room, Finck looked black, and even the dauntless Sims seemed disappointed. They had been engaged, you see, in animated conversation, and they feared that my arrival would reduce their dialogue. Imagine their delight, then, on discovering that I was unable to utter a word! They riddled me with chaff! They contradicted, flatly and fearlessly, all the contentious arguments that I had advanced, with such irresistible brilliance, over-night! They told the oldest stories, invariably naming themselves as the central figures!

The Thousand Best Cures.

In vain I pretended not to care! In vain I showed indignation! In vain I appealed to their better natures, laying my hand upon my throat and sighing! The waiter was touched, but it would have been easier for me to draw water from a rock than tears from those inhuman concoctors of Blackpool ballet. Their glee was fiendish, ghoulish, horrible! I made signs for pen-and-paper, and hastily wrote down all the bitter things that came pouring into my head. Utterly without avail! Long before I had written a stinging answer to one taunt, they had laid fifty others to their score. I sought advice. The waiter thought a peach would meet the case. He had often suffered in the same way himself, and knew what it was. The hotel barber advised a vigorous application of goose-grease. The little chemist next door told me to sit down and open my mouth. When I obeyed the instruction, he took advantage of me by tapping me a smart tap on the back of the throat and assuring me that that was the precise locality of the pain. Further,

I had better gargle with claret. Mr. Tiller, though busily rehearsing a million girls for the new ballet at the Winter Gardens, urged me to drink port wine. Mr. Huddlestone recommended a swift ride in a motor-car. I replied to each with a nod, and took the advice of each. But still I remained quite dumb.

I Try the Scenic Railway.

Later, when the famous librettist and brilliant composer had put in ten minutes' paralytically hard work on the ballet, thereby, of course, restoring chaos to order, supplying wit and melody where only meaningless sound and vague movement had been, they allowed themselves a ride on the Scenic Railway at South Shore. Mr. Huddlestone went with them, and so did I. You may think it foolish that one suffering from laryngitis should indulge himself by rushing to and fro on a Scenic Railway, but I am the veriest empiricist in matters medical, and I more than half expected that the swoop through the air would succeed where the peach, and the goose-grease, and the claret, and the prods, and the port had failed. I was disappointed, but no matter. Even to one dumb, it was capital fun to see the brilliant composer holding on to the car with both hands, and refusing to take his eyes off his boots until the ride was over. The famous librettist found the movement so exhilarating that he rattled off one hundred and fifty-eight puns in the eight minutes. No light task this, more especially when you bear in mind that most of the puns were repeated twice for the benefit of the distraught composer. As for Manager Huddlestone, he took advantage of the elevation to "count the house." When he alighted, he told me to a head the number of people on the South Shore.

A Lesson in Tact.

One last experience, and I will not worry you further with my dumbness. (It is all over by this time, and I am talking at a most tremendous pace to make up for lost time.) On leaving Blackpool, I proceeded to the Isle of Man. There were two steamers sailing from Fleetwood, one for Douglas, and one, I think, for Barrow. A rather testy old gentleman stood at a gate, dividing the streams of Douglas and Barrow travellers. Since I could not speak, and was uncertain which of the steamers went to Douglas, I showed him my ticket. "I can't see it!" he shouted. I held it closer. "What's t' good o' that?" he bawled. Then I understood. He was born too early to enjoy the privileges of a Board School education.

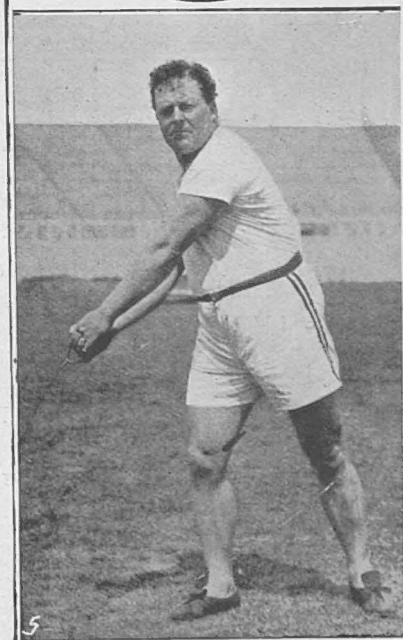
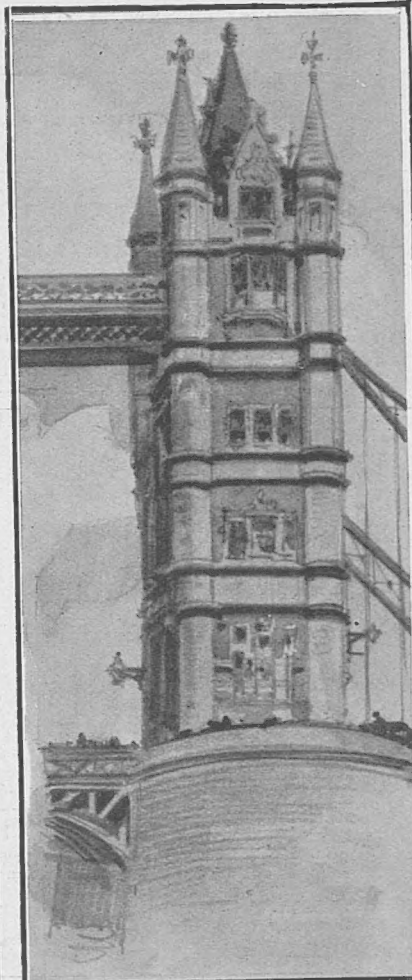
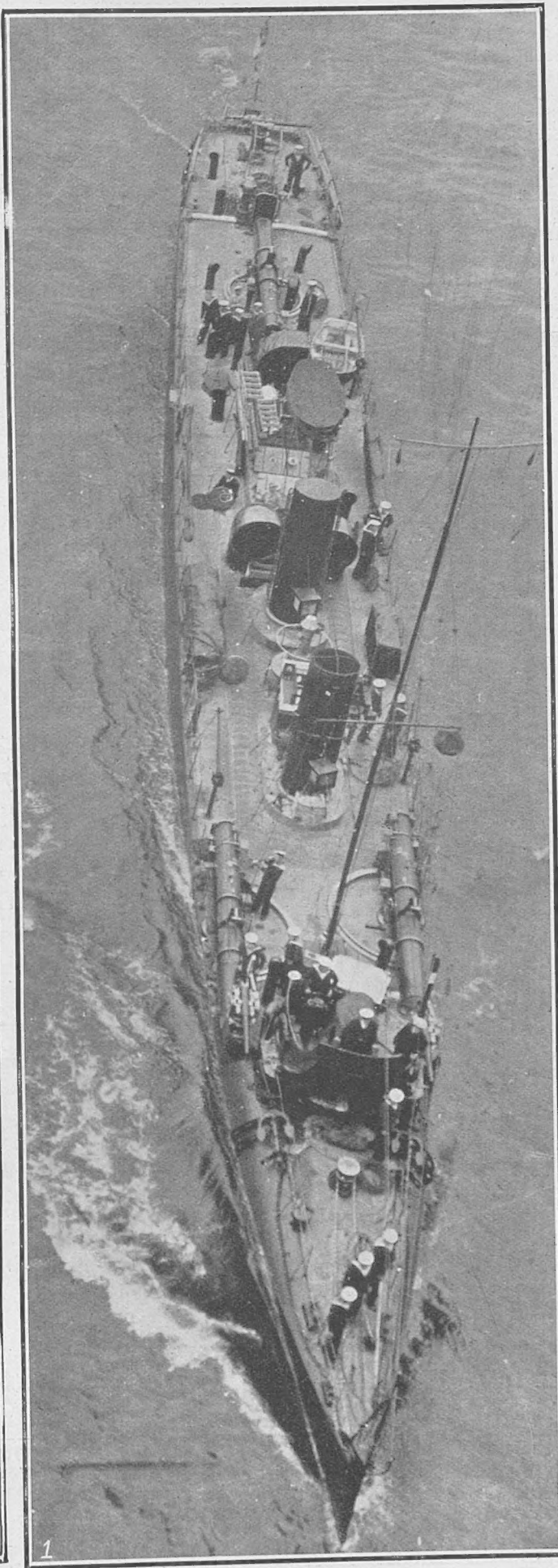
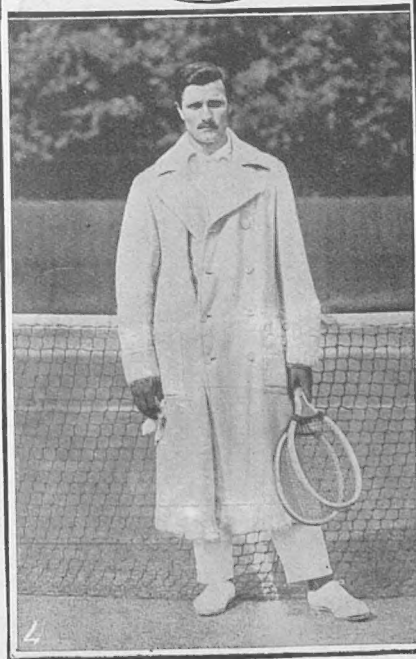
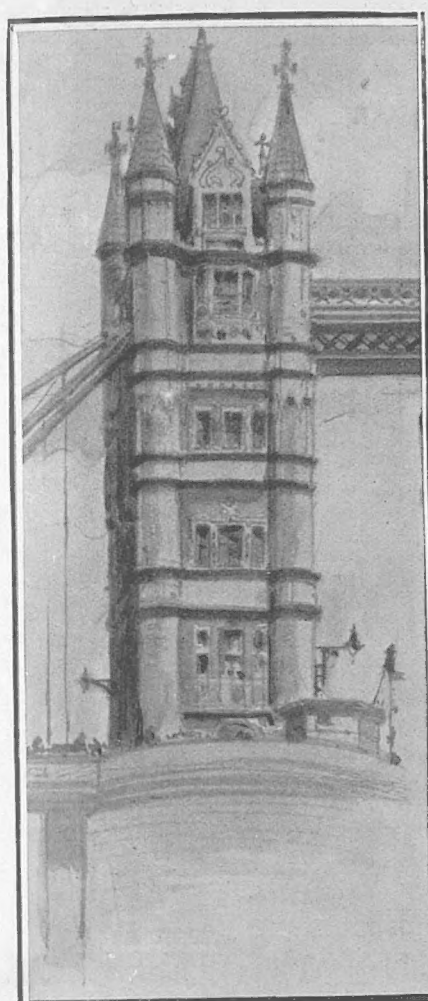
Beautifuller and Beautifuller.

The dances of Miss Maud Allan, which have proved conclusively that there is not a stock-broker in London or a bookie on the racecourse who is not an artist at heart, grow more and more subtle. Nothing, I suppose, could by any possibility have been more mysterious than Miss Allan's performance in the open air on a certain afternoon of last week. I gather my hazy impression of the event from one of my daily papers. Here is the account of the business: "To the music of an orchestra concealed be-grass, and under a blue sky, and with the wind thickened down a little green hill on to the velvet hind bushes she came tripping through a stirring the trees about her she danced in her bare feet and diaphonous dress with the ecstasy of a wood nymph." You see? Small wonder that the Stock Exchange has turned out to a man, again and again, to applaud her. But how I wish they could have been at Chelsea! How they would have appreciated, the soulful dears, the music of an orchestra "concealed be-grass," and how passionately they would have loved the "wind thickened down a little green hill!" It is not every day, again, that you can see a lady come "tripping through a stirring." Perhaps, though, it was just as well they stuck to business, for the same writer explains, sadly, that "at least three-quarters of the people only saw the tips of Miss Allan's fingers." Barely enough.

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TORPEDO - BOATS AT TOWER BRIDGE, AND HEROES AT LORD'S AND THE STADIUM.



1. A UNIQUE VIEW OF A TORPEDO - BOAT DESTROYER: A BOAT OF THE FIRST FLOTILLA EVER SEEN ABOVE TOWER BRIDGE, VIEWED FROM THE BRIDGE.

2. BENSON, THE ETON CAPTAIN.

4. THE RUNNER-UP IN THE OLYMPIC LAWN - TENNIS, FROITZHEIM.

*Photographs No. 1 by Illustrations Bureau;
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3. LANG, THE HARROW CAPTAIN.

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SMALL TALK



THE HON. DIANA
STURT, MARRIED
TO THE HON. HENRY BROUGHAM
ON JULY 13.

Photograph by Gabell.

younger friends; and the bridegroom, Mr. Henry Brougham, is the only son of the popular peer who is so well known both in the north of England and at Cannes. The wedding would have been a particularly brilliant function but for the recent death of the bride's uncle, Lord Chelsea, for both bride and bridegroom are exceedingly young and good-looking, while Mr. Brougham is as clever as ought to be the great-nephew of the famous Lord Chancellor who was the most outstanding legal figure of his day.

Two Forthcoming Marriages.

To-day week (22nd), Society will muster at the Guards Chapel in order to witness the marriage of Miss Dorothy Cooper and Mr. Henry Streatfeild, of the Grenadier Guards.

EVERY section of the great world, including that closely connected with the Court, was interested in the quiet wedding fixed for last Monday afternoon at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The tall, fair bride was Miss Diana Sturt, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Alington, who are among their Majesties' favourite



MISS DOROTHY COOPER, TO BE MARRIED
ON JULY 22 AT THE GUARDS CHAPEL
TO MR. HENRY STREATFEILD.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Miss Cooper is one of Sir Daniel Cooper's two pretty daughters, and since she came out, only two years ago, she has been exceptionally popular. Her mother is a noted ball hostess, and next week's bride is one of the best dancers among twentieth-century debutantes. Mr. Streatfeild, is

beautiful Gibson girls in Mr. Seymour Hicks's company. Lady de Clifford is devoted to her Irish home, Dalgan Park, Shrute, where so serious a fire took place last autumn. She is a splendid horsewoman, and soon after her marriage joined the comparatively small group

of lady race-horse owners. The birth of a son and heir

to the young Peer aroused great enthusiasm in the neighbourhood of Dalgan Park, the more so that both Lord and Lady de Clifford declare that they intend that their son shall grow up a thorough little Irishman.

An Uncrowned King.

An emotional and imaginative publicist has seen in Mr. John Redmond a man who may some day go over to America and invoke the arms of the United States to overthrow Great Britain. Ireland's "Uncrowned King," as other of his friends prefer to call him, is taking a pleasanter way of establishing a link with the States, by giving his daughter Esther in marriage, on Friday, to Dr. W. T. Power, of New York. This is a far prettier way of joining hands across the sea than of making bombs and bayonets the

media. It is to be hoped that the

house of Redmond has for ever done with that sort of work. In the old days they seem to have run off and gibbeted a Redmond whenever they had nothing more exciting to do, and the marvel is that a line of the house escaped to give us the famous brothers who



MISS WEST-
MORLAND,
TO BE MARRIED TO
CAPTAIN C. T. STOCKWELL.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



CAPTAIN C. T. STOCKWELL, TO BE
MARRIED TO MISS WESTMORLAND.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

add to the vivacity of the House of Commons. Of course, for all the stage thunder which affrights the innocents, Mr. Redmond has the staunchest of friends among both political parties, of which he is ostensibly the sworn foe. The representative character of his dinner parties surprises those who regard him as a red revolutionary. His maiden speech in the House was followed by his being escorted out of the House, with the rest of his party, and ever since a state of war has existed between him and the rest of Parliament. He would find it intolerably dull were the case otherwise.



EDWARD SOUTHWELL RUSSELL, SON OF LADY DE CLIFFORD,
NÉE MISS EVA CARRINGTON,

Who was one of the charming Gibson Girls in "The Catch of the Season."
Photograph by Rita Martin.

THE HON. HENRY BROUGHAM, MARRIED
TO THE HON. DIANA STURT.

Photograph by Gabell.

the only son of Colonel and Lady Florence Streatfeild. Yet another wedding of interest to military society is that of Captain C. T. Stockwell to Miss Westmorland.

A Youthful Elder Son.

An elder son whose physical and mental progress is of considerable interest to Ireland is the Hon. Edward Southwell Russell, who celebrated his first birthday last January. The marriage of this important little boy's parents was a great romance, for Lord de Clifford, twenty-fifth of his line, married Miss Eva Carrington, one of the tall and



STRAW HATS IN PARIS—OPEN-AIR THEATRES—THE OLD HARROVIAN DINNER—THE SIN OF LONG FEASTS.

LAST week I was in Paris, a Paris of straw hats. The Frenchmen who adopted from us the fashion of wearing tall silk-hats in the evening do not allow their liking for English fashions to lead them into wearing silken headgear in July. Directly the Grand Prix is over, and "all Paris" is free to go to the châteaux or the watering-places, a Frenchman puts away his hat of ceremony till the autumn,

unless he has to attend a marriage or a funeral in the interval. The "smoking," which is the name the French give to what we call a "dinner-jacket," and the black tie, are also part of the usual dinner dress in Paris while we in London are still going to clubs and theatres in claw-hammer coats and white ties.

One form of tall hat which we still use the Frenchman never affects, though it was a French creation—the collapsible silk opera-hat. The Gibus, or *chapeau claqué*, came to us, I feel sure, from Paris; but if in Paris one sees a man at a theatre wearing one of these hats he is quite certain to be an Englishman. Another method of discovering an Englishman in a French theatre is very easy. Every Frenchman sitting in stalls or circle, directly the curtain drops for an entr'acte, claps his hat, which he has nursed carefully throughout the act, upon his head. An Englishman sits for a minute, however used he may be to French life, before he remembers that it is a custom of the nation to take this precaution against shafts of cold air.

The open-air theatre has come much into fashion in Paris. One of the humorous French journals declares that you cannot find a thicket in any of the environs of Paris without a stage concealed somewhere in it. One of the fashionable restaurants in the Bois has an open-air theatre attached to it. Ten francs are added to your bill when, in good humour after dinner, you feel inclined to stroll in the garden, and you see a little classical ballet danced on the turf, or a witty little revue played. All these things seem so very easily done in Paris. A taxi-cab runs out in ten minutes to the Pré Catalan; whereas to dine at the Savoy and go afterwards to the Botanic Gardens to see a pastoral play is a long evening's work. Hurlingham and Ranelagh have their woodland stages, and to dine at either club and see a play afterwards in the grounds is a very pleasant experience; but the getting to and fro is a matter of some arrangement and considerable time, whereas dinner in the Bois and a glimpse of the dryads and fauns dancing on the lawns is but the beginning of a summer's evening in Paris.

I wonder whether all school dinners—the gathering of the old boys of a school—are as long affairs in time as the Harrow dinner was this year. It was a triennial dinner, and the man who sat next to me suggested that the dinner and the speeches were intentionally long enough to last for the three years. Some day in the dim future

the organisers of public dinners may be bold enough to give the people who dine soup, a fish, an entrée, a joint, and an entremet, and the men who eat this simple dinner will be overjoyed and surprised to find that they will not be compelled to sit for more than three-quarters of an hour at table before the speeches commence. At the Old Harrovian gathering the dinner, which was excellently cooked, commenced at half-past seven, and the coffee and liqueurs were handed round at 9.15 p.m., when all the speeches of the evening were still to come. We had been offered fourteen dishes, not counting vegetables and salad, and had any man chosen to eat all that was put before him he could have absorbed at least enough for three ordinary dinners.

At what time the speeches ended I have no idea, for I slipped away after "Prosperity to Harrow School" had been proposed by Mr. Walter Long; but as people of note had to reply for the school, for the Governors, for the House of Lords, for the House of Commons, for the Church, for the Services, for Harrow beyond the seas, for the Cricket Eleven, and the Master of Trinity had to propose the chairman's health, I imagine that the talking could not have concluded much before midnight.

In my humble opinion, so long a sitting is not desirable at any gathering of old comrades. It is very much the same at regimental dinners. Men come together to dine with the hope that after dinner they will be able to move about and talk to old friends;

to say a word or two to men whom they have not seen for years, and to exchange accounts of where they have been and what they have done. Instead of that, they are nailed to their seats for at least three hours. It is nobody's fault in particular. It is the custom of the country. A banquet, in the opinion of every *maître d'hôtel* in Great Britain, would not be a banquet unless it cost at least a guinea, and unless it consisted of at least nine courses, with a *sorbet* to cut it in halves; and the honorary secretary has yet to be born who will have the audacity to order for his association members such a dinner as they would order for themselves at their clubs, and not to lead them through a wilderness of food that they have no appetite to eat. The City Companies were so abused for the length of their dinners that they cut them down to an almost reasonable length. Perhaps a homily on the unnecessary length of school and regimental dinners may encourage their organisers to make an attempt to cut them short, and when the happy days of really short public dinners do come diners will not fight as shy of them as they do now.



NOT EXACTLY THE COMEDY MASK: HUMAN SKIN ON A GHASTLY TRIPLE MASK FOR A DEVIL-DANCE.

The wooden-faced mask covered with human skin is among the Nigerian exhibits in the Franco-British Exhibition. It is used at devil-dances, to strike terror into spectators at executions, and to work up enthusiasm in war. [Photograph by L.N.A.]



FROM TREE-TRUNK TO WAR-DRUM, AND A DEVIL-DANCE MASK COVERED WITH HUMAN SKIN.

The drum is cut out of a solid tree, and was used at executions. It was brought back by the Jebu Expedition in 1892, and it is now in the Franco-British Exhibition.

Photograph by the L.N.A.

A PRIMA - DONNA FROM THE PEERAGE.

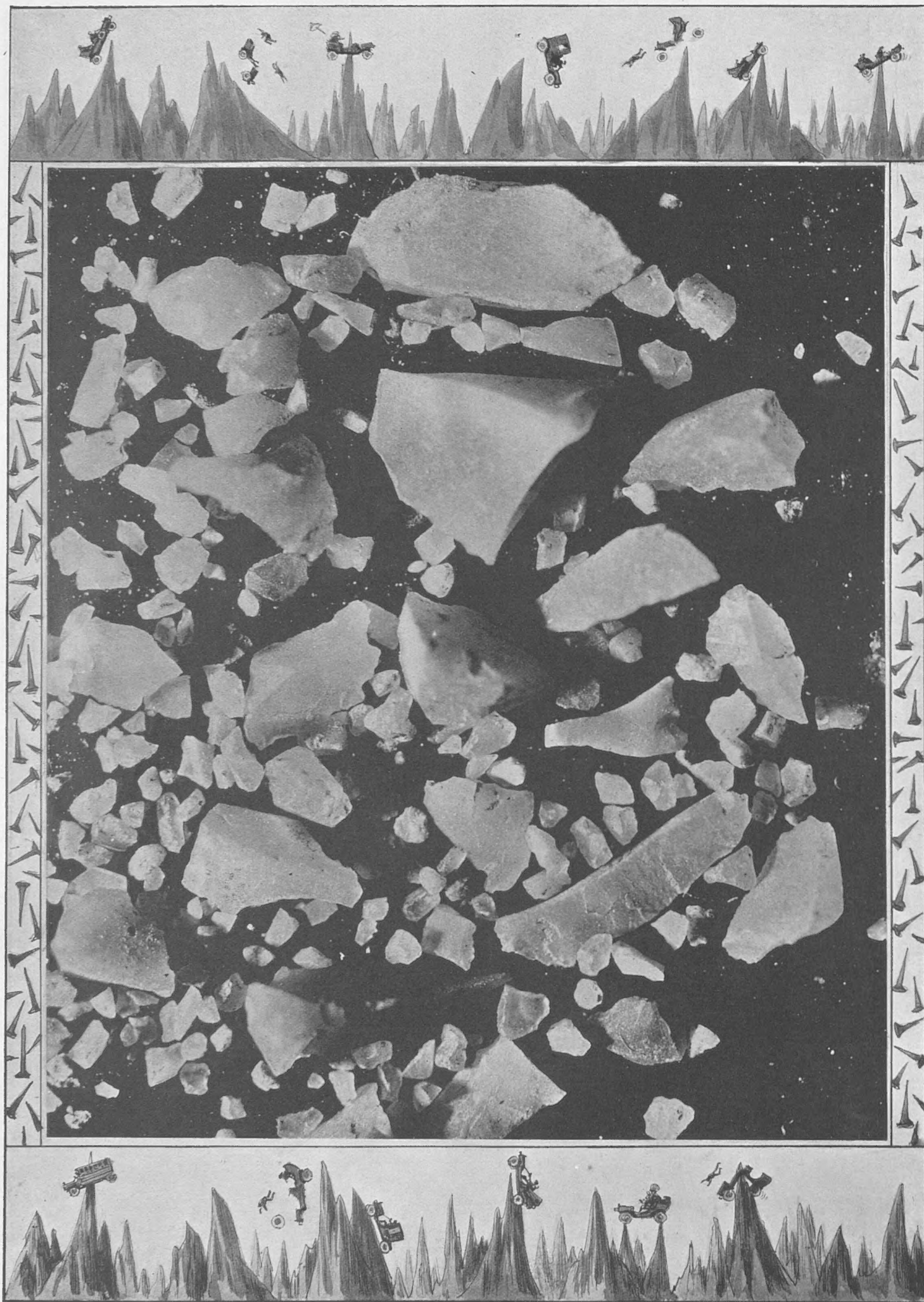


THE HON. MRS. CECIL EDWARDES, SISTER-IN-LAW OF LORD KENSINGTON, WHO IS TO
APPEAR TO-NIGHT AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST."

The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Edwardes is a pupil of Jean de Reszke, and she first appeared in oratorio. She is a British Columbian. Mrs. Edwardes, whose stage-name is Mme. Edwina, was billed for Wednesday, July 15.

SHARP EDGES FOR YOUR TYRES ON A FLINT-MADE ROAD:

GRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF A PINCH OF MOTOR-DUST MAGNIFIED.



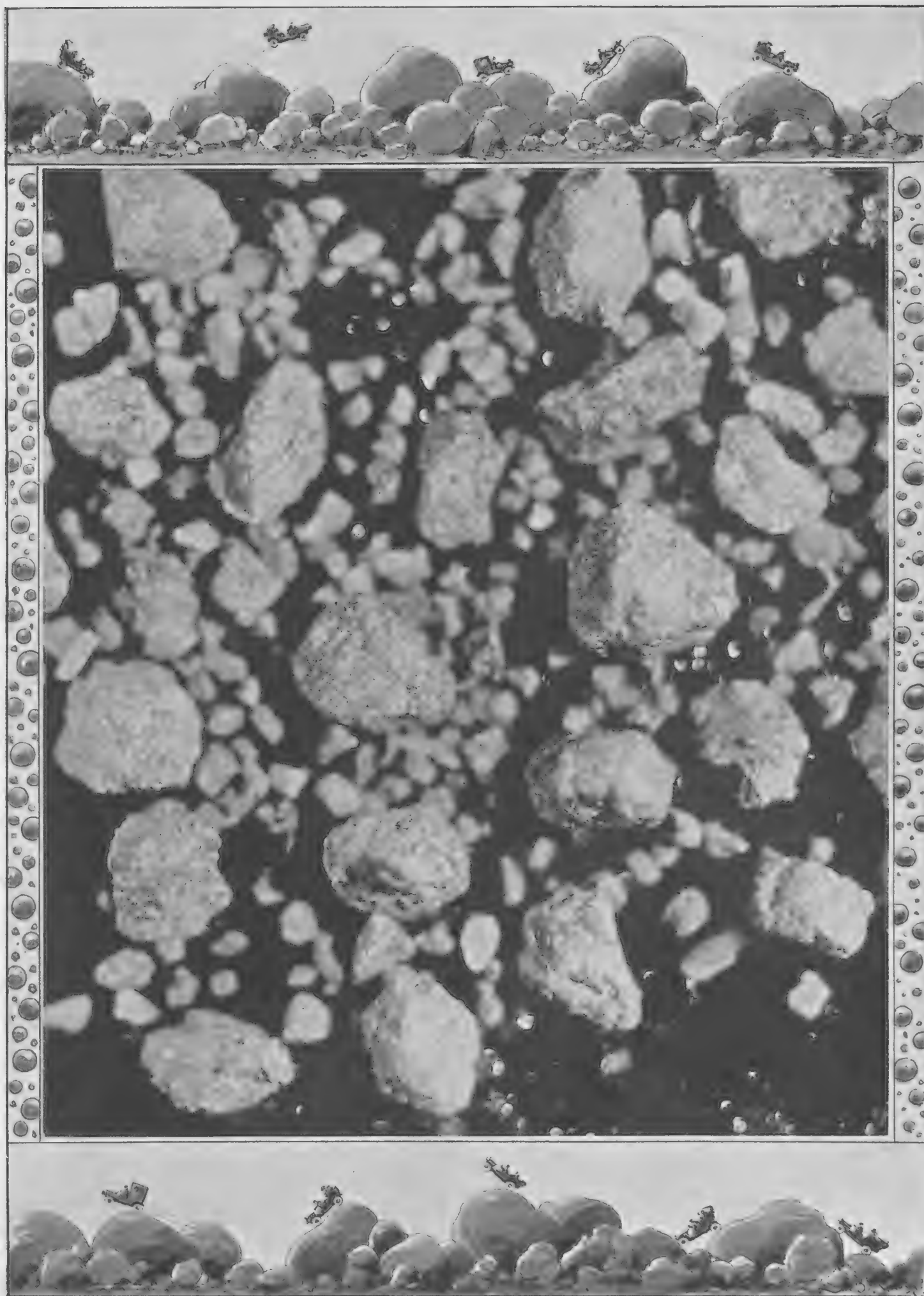
A MOUTHFUL OF MOTOR-DUST: GRIT FROM A FLINT-MADE ROAD.

The pinch of dust on this page and on the next was collected from the Great North Road. These micro-photographs show better than anything else the difference between flint-made and granite-made roads. The angular grits are from a rural part of the road, which is made up with flint-stones from the field. The angular pieces are very destructive to motor-tyres. The working-in of a small piece of flint has been the cause of many punctures.

Photograph by A. E. Smith.

BLUNT EDGES FOR YOUR TYRES ON A GRANITE-MADE ROAD:

GRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF A PINCH OF MOTOR-DUST MAGNIFIED.



ANOTHER MOUTHFUL OF MOTOR-DUST: GRIT FROM A GRANITE-MADE ROAD.

The smooth grits are taken from a patch of road made up with granite. This is seldom found far from towns. It is very comforting to know what one breathes in the midst of a cloud of motor-dust.

Photograph by A. E. Smith.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E.F.S. (Monocle).

THE IRISH THEATRICALS—MISS ISADORA DUNCAN—MISS GRANVILLE'S
MATINÉE—MISS VERA BERINGER'S FARCE.

THIS year we have missed—regretfully—the performances of the Irish Theatrical Company that has visited us on several occasions and presented plays, sometimes of disputable value, but nearly always possessing a note of originality, or at least novelty, entitling them to serious consideration. Instead, there has been an invasion at the Court Theatre of a less satisfactory character, if one may judge by the first programme, for one evening was quite enough to satisfy me, and I even resisted the opportunity of seeing plays in Welsh or more or less aboriginal Irish, tongues of which I am shamelessly ignorant. "The Absentee," a musical comedy, and a little duologue that preceded it—though perhaps written and composed and acted by people from the Green Island—had nothing to indicate their native origin, except the fact that old folk-tunes were used in the former.

The event of the week has been the triumph of Miss Isadora Duncan at the Duke of York's. The idea of spending an evening in watching one dancer and a number of children was formidable, but the entertainment proved to be delightful. Miss Duncan has revived or created the school of dancing to which Miss Maud Allan belongs. Her work, to me, seemed of quite remarkable quality. She has a nobility and breadth of movement which I failed to detect in the turn at the Palace. I do not see that the guardians of the chastity of Manchester could have any objection to the performance of Miss Duncan, although she dances without fleshings. There is an obvious dignity and sincerity in her performance, a curious delicate restraint, even in her Bacchante dance, which entitles her to use the term "classic." Scores of times her poses would have delighted a sculptor by their grace and freedom, whilst to the simple spectator, unable, no doubt, very often to discover the exact meaning or intention of her movements, there was an astonishing variety, which prevented anything like a feeling of monotony. The beautiful music of Gluck may or may not have received any new interpretations by her work, but it was shrewdly chosen, and dance after dance was finely sympathetic with it.

The entertainment was cleverly handled; the setting of the stage with vast curtains and ceiling of material dull amber in tone, suggesting the brave ideas of Mr. Gordon Craig, was restful and effective; the dancer's costumes were gracefully draped. I must admit that her hair did not seem to me adroitly handled, and that in the gay dances Miss Duncan's fixed smile became a little trying; and this was the more noticeable when she relaxed it in the serious

movements. The children employed were altogether delightful: I recollect nothing like them. We have often seen children dancing on the stage, but never with this air of gaiety and abandonment, this grace and freedom. They presented scores of dainty little pictures, and always there was an alert grace and a buoyancy which fascinated the audience. Miss Duncan has given a new sensation to London; and it is a sensation piquant, yet quite healthy. Her work enables us to understand, to some extent at least, what dancing may have been in the olden times, when it formed a part of religious and national ceremonial.



LADY SELLENGER IN "MRS. DOT"; MISS MARIE ILLINGTON AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

Side," by Christopher St. John, hopeful because the authoress had put an idea or two which struck one as original into the drawing of a husband who declined to be roused into passion at the suggestion of his wife's unfaithfulness. An able and interesting performance was given by Mr. Harcourt Williams.

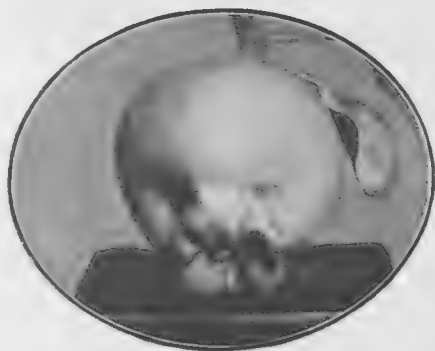
Miss Vera Beringer's matinée presented an amusing farce by Henry Seton called "The Boys," which contained a sound plot and some diverting episodes concerning the adventures of three little maids from home, who masqueraded as men in order to help their father out of a scrape. The audience laughed heartily at play and performance. There was some capital acting—notably by Miss Vera Beringer, Miss Florence Lloyd, and Miss May Blayney as the girls.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



RARE BIRDS INDEED: COMIC WOOD-CARVINGS BY RÉALIER-DUMAS.

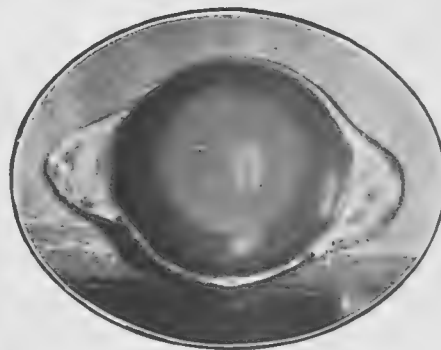


OLD APPLE-FACE: AN EXTRAORDINARY SHAPE FOR AN APPLE.



A CONVERTED SAVAGE'S VIEW OF HIS MISSIONARY: A WOOD-CARVING OF A CATECHIST.

Photograph by Collins.



A GLASS EYE FOR A LION: THE ACTUAL SIZE OF THE EYE FITTED INTO "NERO" BY MR. BOSTOCK.

Photograph by Topical.



A COOL HEAD FOR ROBERT: THE NEW STRAW HELMET'S FOR THE POLICE.

Photograph by Halfones.



EERIE EARS: EAST AFRICAN NATIVES' EAR-DISTORTION FOR FASHION'S SAKE.

Photograph by Haackel.



A BABY AS A COUNTERPOISE: A BURMAN'S BALANCE FOR HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS WHEN HE TRAVELS.

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.



THE ESSENTIAL OF COSTUME—AN UMBRELLA: THE MARCH OF CIVILISATION AT PORT BLAIR, ANDAMAN ISLANDS.

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.



THE NEW DUBLIN HERALD: MR. GUILLAMORE O'GRADY.

Mr. O'Grady, who has been appointed by the King to be Dublin Herald, in room of Mr. F. R. Shackleton, resigned.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

at which the Prince will hand to Lord Grey, the Governor-General, the title-deeds of the Plains and the fort. On the following day there will be a great pageant on the Plains of Abraham, and a banquet, at which the Prince will speak to the representatives of all the sister Colonies—Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand.

Commodore King The Captain of the Indomitable

who will have the temporary rank of Commodore while he is taking his future Sovereign to Canada, is one of the most distinguished of our younger naval officers. He has seen service in Egypt, and won the D.S.O. in operations against dusky potentates in West Africa. The son of a distinguished Admiral, he will himself before very long hoist his flag. What makes it particularly appropriate that he should go to Canada on this occasion is that his wife, Lady Mabel King Hall, the sister of Lord Mansfield, comes of that stock of Murray to which also belonged one of the most gallant officers who served at the taking of Quebec. The Hon. Alexander Murray, of the Black Watch, is also going out.

Two Heraldic Appointments.

Of late Ireland's heraldic establishment has attracted the most unwelcome amount of notice, but now that Dublin Castle rejoices in a new Ulster King-at-Arms harmony reigns once more in the Irish Heralds' Office. One of the most noteworthy of the high officials who play so important a rôle at all the official ceremonies is Mr. Guillamore O'Grady, who is, as his first name implies, a connection of the Irish Viscount of that name. He is the new Dublin Herald, and shares his dignities with the Cork Herald, there being only two Irish Heralds, while the number in Scotland is six. The new Athlone Pursuivant-of-Arms, Mr. George D. Burchall, wears on the

occasion of the Viceroy's State Procession a peculiarly splendid tabard and collar, and he walks immediately after the Viceroy's Aide-de-Camp and before the Gentlemen-in-Waiting.

The New Peers' Titles.

The new Peers' titles are now announced. As was generally expected, Sir Antony Mac-Donnell becomes Lord Mac-Donnell of Swinford, county Mayo; but both Mr. George Whiteley and Mr. Wynford Philipps have deserted their patronymics and chosen other styles; for the former becomes Lord Marchamley of Hawkstone, and the latter Lord St. Davids of Roch Castle. It is to be hoped that there will be no confusion between the new Lord St. Davids and the Bishop of that name, for there is great divergence between the views of the spiritual and the temporal Peers respectively.



THE NEW ATHLONE PURSUIVANT: MR. G. D. BURCHALL.

To be Athlone Pursuivant, in the room of Mr. F. B. Gouldney, re-signed.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE PRINCE IN THE PYRENEES: THE CHÂTEAU D'OURONT.

The château, rented for August by the Prince of Wales, is about ten miles from Caunterets, and is thirty miles from Pau.—[Photograph by Buxo.]

English friend of the late Prince Consort, and as a boy the present Governor-General was a great favourite with our late Sovereign. Born with an adventurous disposition, he was not content with simply accepting some Court appointment; he early went out to South Africa, where he formed an enthusiastic affection for Cecil Rhodes, and he had a good deal to do with the founding of Rhodesia. In those days the Earl was plain Mr. Albert Grey, and it was in very early youth—in fact, when he was only twenty-six—that he married one of the gifted daughters of the late Mr. Robert Stayner Holford, of Dorchester House, and sisters, therefore, of the King's Equerry, Major Holford. Lord and Lady Grey deserve well of the Empire, for they are both passionately devoted to their beautiful North-country home, splendid Howick; it is thus a real sacrifice on their part to accept posts of responsibility in Greater Britain.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOST IN CANADA: EARL GREY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

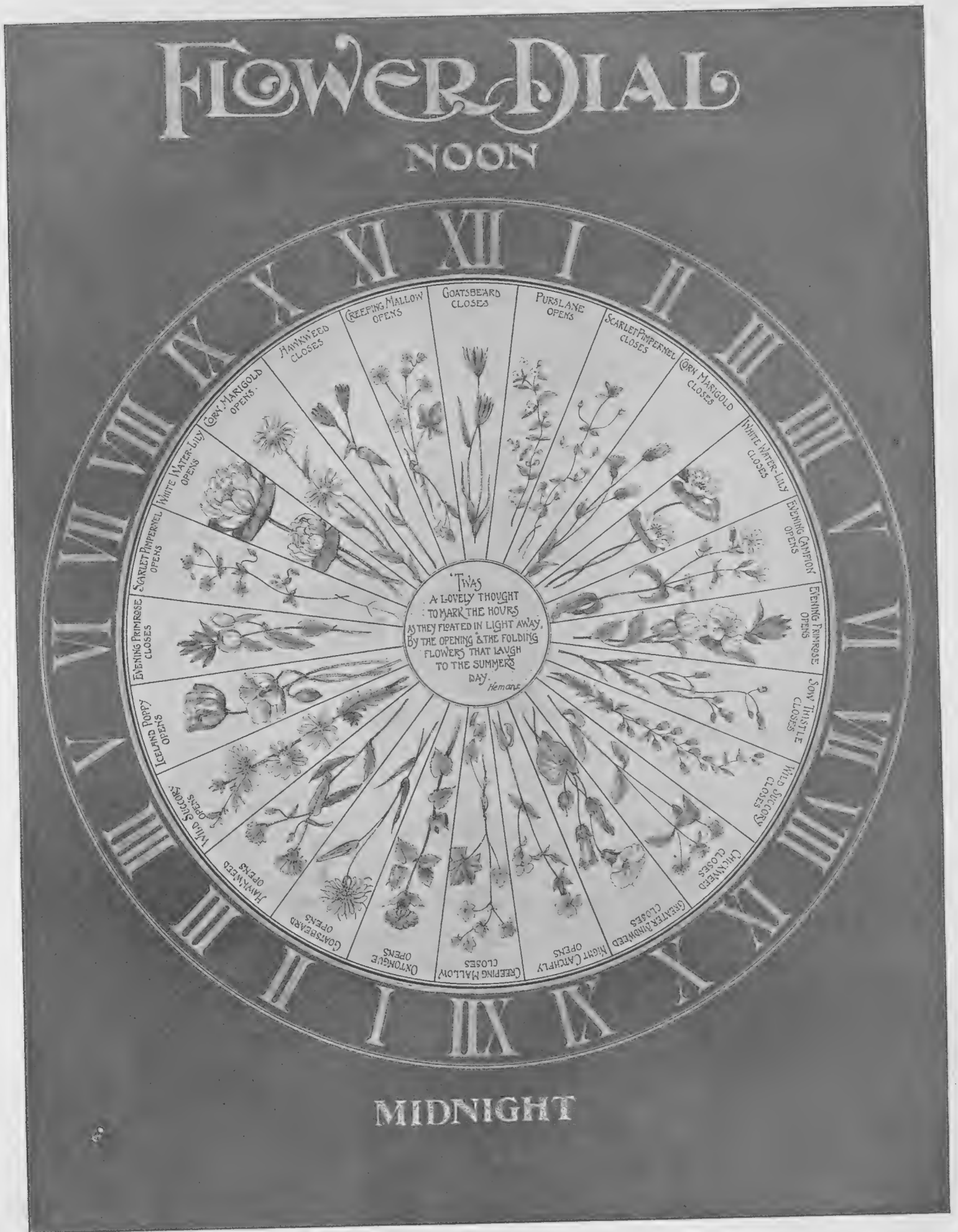
Photograph by Topley.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOSTESS IN CANADA: COUNTESS GREY, WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Photograph by Lafayette.

A CLOCK THAT CANNOT BE PUT BACK AN HOUR
BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.



AWKWARD FOR THE DAYLIGHT-SAVERS: A FLORAL CLOCK THAT CANNOT BE ALTERED.
HOW TO TELL THE TIME BY THE OPENING AND CLOSING OF FLOWERS.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

A Captive Queen.

The Prince of Wales in sailing for Canada to-day sets forth upon a voyage which Queen Victoria was fated never to make. It is a wonder that before age came upon her, when she welcomed seclusion, she never did make a journey to some over-sea portion of the Empire. She wished to go. Her desire to see India was always with her as she grew older. But apart from the physical discomforts inevitable to such a voyage, there was the difficulty of so long leaving the country. She could not, like the Lord Chancellor, declare that the holder of her office must never leave the country—



MISS GABRIELLE RAY IN "THE MERRY WIDOW."

then pop off and surprise everybody. It was her desire for closer relations with India which made her have Indian attendants about her, and begin the study of Hindustani, when past three-score years and ten. "Don't laugh," she said when

of her study. "I am very old, but I have always acted up to the precept—we must always live as if we were immortal." The creed was not strong enough, however, to comprehend a journey to the far lands which called her Empress. While we are all memory of the heroic Wolfe, whom the Prince goes forth to-day to celebrate, it is a little curious to reflect that, could Pitt at the last moment have withdrawn the commission, Wolfe would never have seen Canada, nor, perhaps, the heights of Abraham have been won. The Great Commoner had the courage to set aside the claims of seniority in order that Wolfe might be entrusted with the task, and, the night before the warrior was to set out for victory and death, invited him down to Hayes for a farewell dinner. Wolfe, though



MISS LILY ELSIE AS THE MERRY WIDOW.

he drank sparingly of wine, let his feelings completely carry him away. He drew his sword, stamped about the room with it, and talked like a hero of melodrama of what the blade should achieve. "Good God!" said Pitt to Lord Temple as Wolfe took his leave, "that I should have entrusted the fate of the country and of the Administration to such hands!" Wolfe was truly a hero, but not at the dinner-table.

The Tyranny of System.

Mr. E. T. Cook has given the world an interesting glimpse of the daily life of Ruskin, and tells us that his enormous volume of work was rendered possible only by the strict system which he followed. Though Mr. Cook does not say so, part of that system must have been to affect ignorance of the affairs of the times in which he lived. "Have

you heard the news? Plevna has fallen!" said a friend to him one day. "Plevna?" replied Ruskin. "Plevna? I never heard of it. I know of nothing later than the fourteenth century." It must require a very rigid system to enable a man to live up to a profession of that sort. The worst of system is that it so often runs away with a man. When Sir George Airy was bringing the Royal Observatory to order out of chaos, he let system carry him off his feet. As his son has said, he became

more anxious to put letters which he received into their proper place for reference than even to note their contents. He

once gave a whole afternoon to labelling a number of wooden cases "Empty." When he had to send a party of scientists to the north he wrote for each a code of instructions as to trains and stations such as one would give to a child on its first

journey.

To crown all, with his own hands he packed up each man's instruments with a parcel of soap and towels, in the fearful belief that the usages of civilisation might not extend to the county of Durham.

Making Bad Worse.

The Access to Mountains Bill is probably a highly desirable measure for the multitude, seeing that most of us are in the rather stupid position of not owning mountains; but there be men in the world to whom the Bill will be terrible. There is no saying where a thing of this sort may end. One thinks of the perturbation which would be caused in the mind of a certain Oxford Don, of whom the late Mr. G. C. Brodrick told. He was another such curiosity as his contemporary who, forty years after the passing of the Act, declared Catholic

CRINKLY PAPER PORTRAITS OF STAGE FAVOURITES.

These ingenious figures were sold at the Veterans' Fête. They are all made of crinkly tissue paper, and suggest a variation of the crinkly hat amusement so popular last year.



MISS MAUD ALLAN AS SALOME.

Emancipation the "wickedest thing since the Crucifixion." This other amiable soul's grievance was, however, not against Catholics in particular, but against all sorts and conditions of men who, he believed, covertly claimed, and exercised, a right to a short cut across the grass-plot under his windows. After many abortive efforts to check the practice, he set a man-trap, and retired with abundant hope that he would catch a scout or, better still, an undergraduate. Soon he heard a cry of anguish, and, rushing triumphantly forth, found that he had trapped, not the quarry he had expected, but—the Professor of Moral Philosophy. All the embarrassed trapper could say was that, as some reparation, he would attend the injured man's lectures for the rest of term.



MR. JOSEPH COYNE AS PRINCE DANILO IN "THE MERRY WIDOW."



MR. R. ROBERTS AS THE WAITER IN "THE MERRY WIDOW."

BOW - WOW AT THE BOOKING - OFFICE.



TOURIST: Aw—er, I say. Must I take a ticket for a puppy? What?

BOOKING CLERK : No, Sir; you can travel as an ordinary passenger.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IN appearing at her own matinée on Thursday, at the Court Theatre, in what may be called a "trouserette" part, Miss Vera Beringer's memory must have travelled backwards through the years to the days when, as a very small girl, she set London wild by her performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy, for that was the last time in which she acted in that costume. In the interval she has, of course, played many parts in order to develop into the accomplished actress she has proved herself. For the last two years, however, she has been away from the stage, spending some time in the Canaries, and, more recently, travelling in Russia. In St. Petersburg she had an experience which she would most certainly not care to repeat. She went to a certain restaurant to sup with some friends, and as soon as the meal was over, she was told of an incident which had taken place the night before at the very table at which she was seated, and in the very chair in which she was sitting. The room was crowded, and at her table a young man was supping with a lady. At the next, an officer was supping with some friends. Something happened to cause a dispute between the young man and the officer, when the latter drew his revolver and, without the least compunction, put a bullet through the former's brains. He fell dead on the spot. For the moment here was some excitement. Two or three couples left the room as the waiters lifted the body and placed it in a corner with a handkerchief over the face; but the rest of the people quietly settled down to finish their suppers.

On another occasion, Miss Beringer had an opportunity of discovering the Russian philosophy of life. With a friend, she was driving in a droshky along a road in which a tramway was laid. In a little while, the warning bell of an approaching tram was heard. Miss Beringer's hostess, seeing that the driver

took no notice of the signal, called to him to get out of the way, for she was afraid that the tram would run into the carriage, overturn it, and so injure them. "Do you set such a value on your life?" the cabman asked quietly. "I don't. Let us stop here and see what will happen." There was no knowing what might have happened had he stopped, but, in deference to the vis major which rules most lives, he had to go on.

"The Boys" is the first of Mr. Henry Seton's plays to be produced, and it was originally played for a

completed, the play practically writes itself. In this case, however, there was no scenario, for Mr. Henry Seton finds it impossible to work with one.

It is one of life's little ironies that handsome Mr. Leonard MacKay, who is playing Jackson Villiers in "Havana," at the Gaiety, was specially engaged because of his fine singing voice, and in consequence has very little singing to do. When, some little time ago, he was playing Bobby in "San Toy," in Liverpool, he had an amusing experience of the way in which a scene can be spoiled by an untimely interruption from the audience. Just as he reached the situation in which Bobby rescues San Toy from the clutches of the Chinaman, Fo-Hop, and threw himself into a characteristic attitude, with clenched fists—a situation which never failed to evoke the usual round of applause from the public, which loves to see the hero do deeds of derring-do on the stage—there came an encouraging voice from the gallery, "Go on, dot him." In the laugh which followed there was no opportunity for Mr. MacKay to follow the advice, and he had to make a hasty exit.

YET ANOTHER SALOME: MME. ODETTE VALERY, WHO IS APPEARING AS CLEOPATRA AT THE COLISEUM.

Mme. Odette Valery is appearing at the Coliseum in a Cleopatra dance, in which a live snake plays a prominent part.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

Another impromptu of a member of the audience, attended with even more disastrous consequences to the scene—for it was in that serious play, "The Sign of the Cross"—happened to Owen Roughwood, who is now acting in "The Explorer." He was playing Marcus, the leading part; and in a very impassioned love scene, when the Roman was trying to persuade the Christian girl to renounce her faith, offering her everything at his command to that end, and while the house was perfectly still, there came a hoarse voice from the gallery "Ah, lass, do kiss him!" The audience roared with laughter, in which, it must be admitted, Marcus the Superb joined.

Occasionally situations are ruined not by remarks made by the audience, but by those unconsciously uttered on the stage. Such an incident is related by Mr. Athol Forde of the time when he was playing in a small fit-up town in the Midlands with Mr. F. R. Benson. The play was "Priest or Painter," an adaptation of Howells' "A Foregone Conclusion," which, as *Sketch* readers are aware, is concerned with a young Italian priest developing religious doubts and at the same time falling in love with an American girl. At certain episodes, when the priest was wrestling with his earthly passion and his scepticism, an angelic choir was heard off, singing a motif typifying the heavenly agencies at work battling for the salvation of his soul. The performance was under the direction of a stage-manager with great vocal powers. At a certain cue the choir had to swell into an ecstasy of angelic pleading. The young priest gave the cue—"Shall I not say in my heart, 'There is no God'?" At the words the stage-manager yelled, "Fortel!" The choir sang "forte," but in the uproarious laughter of the audience on the ruined situation it might have been quiet for all practical purposes, for nobody heard, and certainly nobody listened to what they were singing.



"Mary was a housemaid."

YVETTE GUILBERT AT THE PALACE.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

week during the middle of May at Croydon. After that trial the third act was rewritten. Although the plot was being considered for something like five years, the actual writing was done in about two months, thus confirming a statement recently made by Mr. Somerset Maugham that after a scenario has been

AN OBJECTOR ON THE WATCH.



IRATE MAJOR (to little girl, who is naturally grieved at the decapitation of her doll): Hi! you there, clear off!
We don't want any of the Salome business round here,

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

OF the making of anthologies there is no end; and the literature of lightning and thunder might well be gathered together to make an addition on our shelves to the beloved volumes that began for us, perhaps, with Patmore's "Children's Garland," and will not end with the group which Mr. St. John Lucas, Mr. W. Sherrin, Mr. Elwes, and others of the industrious and the discerning have now in hand. In Ruskin's opinion—and he professed himself as fine a judge of storms as of styles—the storm that breaks in on the placidities of "The Angel in the House" made a record. It begins—

Within the pale blue haze above
Some pitchy shreds took size and form,
And, like a madman's wrath or love,
From nothing rose a sudden storm.
The blossom'd limes, which seem'd
to exhale
Her breath, were swept with one
long sweep,
And up the dusty road the hail
Came like a flock of hasty sheep.

More apposite to recent nocturnal disturbances of sleep is Mr. Thomas Hardy's account of the storm, braved by his hero and heroine on a haystack, in "Far from the Mad-ding Crowd." It makes a dazzling chapter; never, perhaps, has a pen acted so successfully as a lightning-conductor as there. It should be read, or re-read, while the mind is informed by recent experience.

Less current is a passage in a letter from Elizabeth Barrett to Robert Browning—

"Once a storm of storms happened, and we all thought the house was struck—a tree was so really, within two hundred yards of the window while I looked out—the bark, rent from the top to the bottom, torn into long ribbons by the dreadful fiery bands, and dashed out into the air, over the heads of other trees, or left twisted in their branches—torn into shreds in a moment, as a flower might be, by a child. The whole trunk of that tree was bare and peeled—and up that new whiteness of it ran the finger-mark of the lightning in a bright, beautiful rose colour, the fever-sign of the certain death—though the branches themselves were for the most part untouched, and spread from the peeled trunk in their full summer foliage; and birds singing in them three hours afterwards!

In that same storm, she notes, two young women belonging to a festive party were killed on the Malvern Hills—each sealed to death

represent the splash upon the pavement, you have its counterfeit presentment. The rod of rain is noticed again by one of the finest observers of our time, who points out that it is the slow human eye that transforms the point of a drop into the long line—

The rods that thinly stripe our landscape, long shafts from the clouds, if we had but the agility to make the arrowy downward journey with them by the glancing of our eyes, would be infinitely separate, units, an innumerable flight of single things; and the simple movement of single points.

With Tennyson's "useful trouble of the rain" must be remembered Rossetti's "pastures blind with rain," many passages from Meredith's "Earth and the Wedded Woman," and, in prose, Mr. J. M. Barrie's description of the fear that may seize on you as you listen to an ever-increasing downpour; finally, of course, the storm from "David Copperfield." Rain, "baby of the cloud, carried long enough within that troubled breast to make all the multitude of days unlike each other"—that is the sentence of a living essayist which takes us to "The Cloud," to the source of most of our modern feeling about rain—which takes us to Shelley.

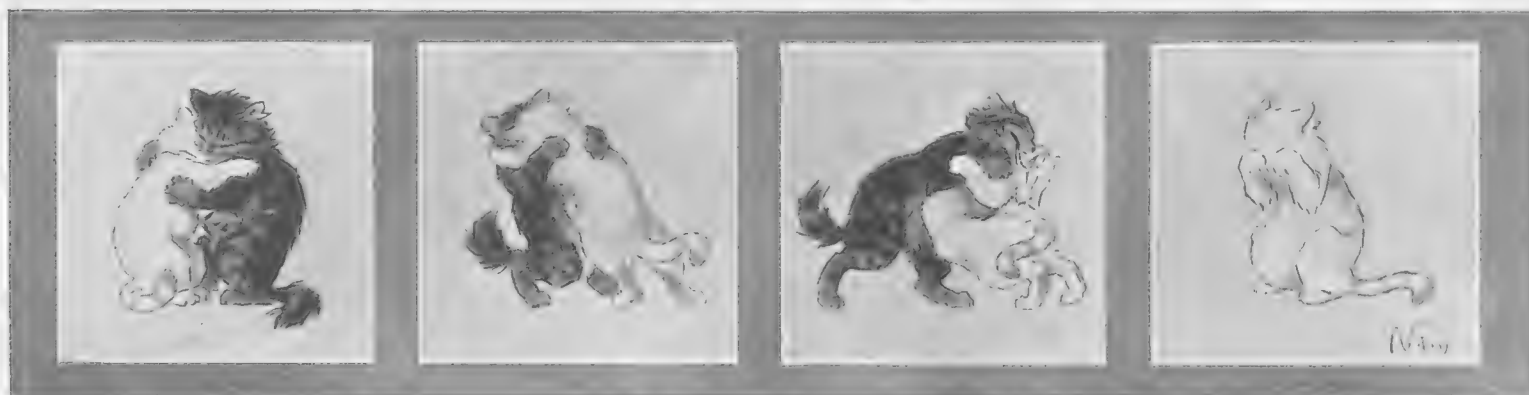
Mr. Duncan's "Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer" tells the story of a man who did all things with particularity. Whether he were discrediting Satan or writing to his plumber—he did both in a double series of unpublished letters now before me—the

conscientious manner of the man obtrudes itself. To refuse to become a subscriber to the *Speaker* when that paper, alone among its contemporaries, reflected exactly his views on the Boer War question, because he detected in its columns a Socialistic tendency, shows how a man may become impossibly fastidious in the matter of his principles. Spencer would not tolerate the writings of Stevenson after he had read, in "Travels with a Donkey" of the author's treatment of Modestine, reluctant to wend her way. And here Herbert Spencer is far from being the only reader who put down the book and black-balled Stevenson on account of the goad, manufactured with a pin and a stick, that



A CRITIC'S DIFFICULTY: THE DIFFICULTY NOWADAYS IS NOT TO MAKE A PICTURE, BUT HOW TO LOOK AT IT.

From the drawing by Abel Faivre in the Salon des Humoristes.



HE LOVES ME A LITTLE!

A GREAT DEAL!

PASSIONATELY!

NOT AT ALL!

A DRAMA OF PASSION.

From the drawings by Nam in the Salon des Humoristes.

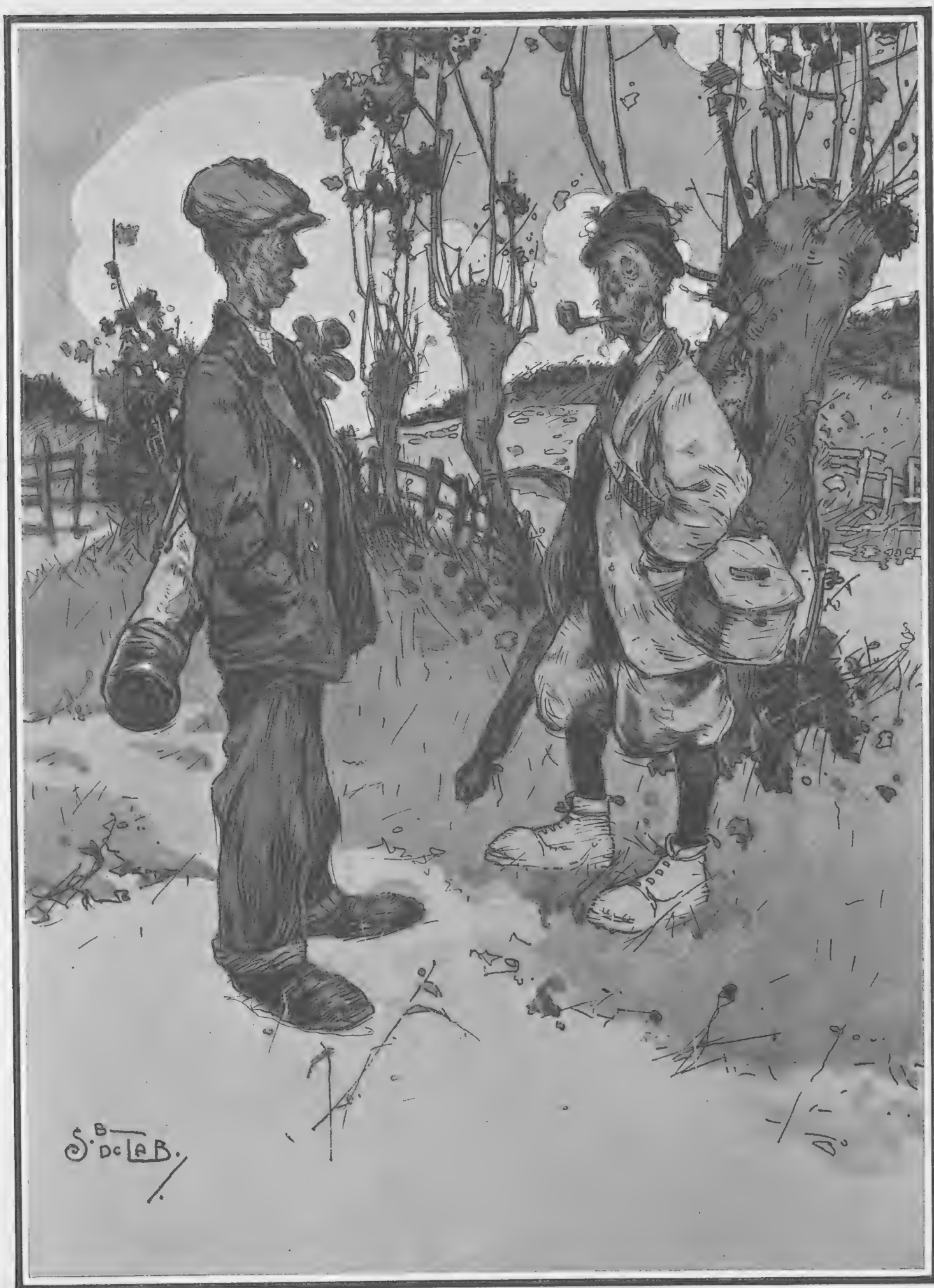
in a moment with a sign on the chest which a common seal would cover—only the sign on them was not rose-coloured, but black as charred wood.

Thousands are the images in English literature representing rain that must be included in the "Book of Foul Weather," but none more expressive than one introduced by Mr. Kipling, "raining ramrods," a particularly happy term for London summer rain: steel coloured, straight, and with the button on the end to

was an inducement to the donkey. When one remembers how constant is the use of the much crueller spur, applied intentionally and remorselessly, and often, especially by ladies on account of their position in the saddle, through carelessness, many an indignant reader of the "Travels" must be taxed with inconsistency. Who knows but that Stevenson, for all the lightness with which his pen touches upon the incident, was hard put to it to get his ass and pack to some place of refreshment and shelter, and doubtless the goad was, to his kind heart, a desperate remedy.

M. E.

RIGHT OFF THE LINE.



THE ANGLER: What did you think of that twelve-pounder I took just below the weir?

THE EGOIST: It was no a bad fush—but, man! ye should ha' seen my drive frae the fourteenth tee the day.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE LAST ACT. * BY EDWARD CECIL.

IT was a June night, soft, still and fragrant. Looking up from the courtyard of the Hôtel de Rome, one could see a square of distant, cloudless, star-filled sky.

From the little iron balcony outside a window on the second floor of the hotel, a man looked up into this square of star-studded sky.

His companion inside the room, a young American, who had lived in Paris for several years, thought he guessed his thoughts.

"Une nuit d'amour," he murmured.

"How French you have become, Courtland," said the man on the balcony, sharply. "I suppose you have lived here in Paris so long that you have made De Musset one of your gods."

The younger man was in no way ruffled.

"How needlessly bitter you are to-night," he said.

"Perhaps I am not romantic," said the man on the balcony, shortly.

"Come," said Courtland, "why quarrel with the spell of the June night? If you sail from Havre to-morrow, you'll be back among your test-tubes soon enough."

George Fairbank came back from the balcony into the room. He was one of the cleverest doctors in New York, a man who had pursued original and important researches in the dim mysteries of disease. He was in Europe after a breakdown through overwork.

"Life is too cruel, Courtland," he said. "I can't enjoy this night of June." He spoke with more than ordinary earnestness.

"What is it?" Courtland asked.

"Well, you know my inconvenient reputation. I was consulted again to-day—Mathilde Garnier, the actress."

An expression of astonishment escaped Courtland.

"Ah, you are surprised! Naturally. You know whom I mean—the actress at the Odéon. You know something about her, of course—that she is young, that she has great beauty and great talent. In the last act of 'Le Dernier Jour' she is superb. You know the play? She has been regally happy, and on her last day of happiness, rather than face the mere colourless existence that the future holds, she takes poison. You know how great she is in that last act. It has made her. Well, to-day she came to me. Her physician, one of the greatest of French doctors, beseeched me to give her case the benefit of my special knowledge."

Courtland's cigarette was cold between his fingers. He hung upon Fairbank's words.

"What opinion did you give?" he asked.

"I gave her little hope," said Fairbank gravely. "To you the case is only something of passing interest. To me, who had to tell the girl the truth, it is horrible. The hand of disease is steadily tightening its grip upon her life. There is not much hope, but there is a chance."

"You are sure there is a chance, Fairbank?"

"Yes," said the older man. Then he paused and looked at Courtland keenly. "Do you know her?" he demanded.

"Two years ago Mathilde and I were students together under Gérôme," said Courtland quietly. "There came a time when we loved each other, and I asked her to be my wife. But she refused, and stuck to her refusal. She said her work must come first."

"You have buried the episode?"

"No, I have not."

"I am sorry," said Fairbank, and for a few minutes they were silent.

"Sorry!" said Courtland at last. "Why? You could not know. And even if you did, you could not have done better than tell me."

Then, not being sure of himself, he got up and went out on to the little iron balcony.

Once he came back and went out again. "You are absolutely sure, Fairbank," he asked, "that there is a reasonable chance?"

"Yes. But it depends on her giving up her acting. In her present life of strain and excitement there is no hope at all. If, with rest and care, the disease can be stayed, it may be cured."

For a time the young American looked down into the shadow of the courtyard of the sleeping hotel; and as he looked his purpose grew firm. In his blood the strong and steadfast qualities of his race told. His life in Paris had not spoiled them. When he turned round he had determined what to do.

"You tell me, Fairbank," he said, "that what hope there is for Mathilde Garnier depends upon her own decision. It depends on something else also—your skill. Go back to New York to your books and your test-tubes. Pore over them. Compel them to give

up their secrets. It may be for nothing, so far as we are concerned, but, on the other hand, it may mean everything. I intend to help her to fight."

That June morning, after hearing the opinion of the great American doctor, whose knowledge she had been told to regard as final, Mathilde Garnier ordered her electric carriage to take her to the Bois.

It moved away from the pavement and took its place in the stream of traffic. Everything was as usual. The crowd passing along the boulevard was the usual crowd; the throng of vehicles, fiacres, and automobiles was the usual throng; and sunlight shone upon all, glorifying the ever-moving life. Yet, a few years hence, the life of Paris would be the same, the well-dressed crowd would be the same, the Boulevard trees, the Madeleine, the kiosks—everything would be the same; but she, who loved it all so passionately, would have passed from the scene. She saw one of the Odéon bills, with her name blazoned upon it. It seemed there to mock her. At the same moment, she became aware that a little knot of men outside the Café Durand had recognised her. She knew that their recognition was a tribute to her beauty and her genius. Paris loved her.

She was swept down the Rue Royale. She did not look to the right hand or to the left. She gazed straight before her—into the future.

Yet in but a moment, as she was carried quickly up the rise towards the Arc de Triomphe, the play of the sunlight in the trees caught her attention, the soft June breeze kissed her cheeks. The pulse of life beat strongly in her veins. "Surely I am young and strong," she thought passionately; "surely my desire to live will count for something. Don't people hold on to life by sheer strength of will? Could any will be stronger than mine?"

It was part of the cruelty of fate that Mathilde was forced to face the truth alone.

Her mother was dead. Therein, perhaps, lay the chief tragedy of her loneliness. Yet two of her mother's sisters were living, and to them she might have turned. But they were unmarried women who lived, though they had not taken any vows, in the bosom of the Church. They looked upon the life their niece had chosen with disapproval.

Her father lived, but he also was a devout Catholic, a functionary holding a post in the South. He had raised his voice against his daughter's life, and had only supported her with a niggard hand when she was studying under Gérôme. Now, when she no longer needed support and was making what was a prince's income compared with his scanty official pay, he still let her feel his cold disapproval.

So that June day, she sat in her electric carriage in the Bois, face to face with the spectre of her loneliness.

And then, suddenly she remembered Courtland. Courtland, with his habit of clear thought, Courtland, with his quiet strength, Courtland, who had once dominated her thoughts—had passed out of her life.

Two days after, however, her electric carriage was stopped, on her way home to Passy. A tall slim man, dressed in a suit of grey flannels, and looking cool and self-possessed, even in the hot midday sunlight, had stepped off the pavement and raised his hand.

A moment afterwards Courtland stood at the door of the carriage, his hat in his hand.

Courtland and Mathilde were alone in the cool, shaded garden of Mathilde's house at Passy. She was puzzled. Why had he renewed their friendship so suddenly?

"Why have you come to-day?" she asked abruptly.

Courtland threw away his cigarette.

"I have come to ask when you are going to give up your engagement at the Odéon," he answered with equal abruptness.

Mathilde was startled.

"My engagement at the Odéon?" she exclaimed. "The leading part in 'Le Dernier Jour,' my great success?"

"Yes, your engagement at the Odéon. When are you going to give it up?"

"I am not going to give it up."

But she had begun to tremble.

"Then," said Courtland, "I hope to persuade you to do so,"

(Continued overleaf.)

GROWLS IN THE MEWS.

Hope Read

THE COACHMAN: Yes, I drove 'er about for the 'ole of the day, and when I asked 'er not to forget the coachman, she says, "No you don't, my man," she says, "you ain't entitled to nothing. I ain't 'ired a brougham for the last twenty years for nothin'," she says.

THE GROOM: What did you say to that?

THE COACHMAN: I says, "No, Mum, p'raps you ain't: but I'll bet it ain't been for want o' tryin'."

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

And, concealing nothing, he told her what he knew, and how he had come to know it. Seeing that he knew, she cut short his excuses for knowing. She even told him frankly that she was glad he knew.

"Do you know what it all means?" she asked. "It means that there is really no hope."

Courtland contradicted her. "In this case it does not," he said. "There is hope. But you must give up the theatre; you must give up all excitement and strain. Then—there is a chance." He spoke with great earnestness, leaning forward and watching Mathilde's face.

She listened to him, but it was evident that she had already decided.

"I am grateful," she told him. "I am thankful—how thankful you can hardly know—that you have come to me and renewed our friendship. We will remain friends now, won't we? We will pick up the threads from the past. But don't let there be any false hope. I will go on with my work, I will live my life, till it becomes impossible, till my strength fails. Then it will be my prayer that the end may come quickly."

Once again he pleaded.

"No. How could I go on living without my work?" she asked. "Remember that I have sacrificed everything to it; remember that I am alone; that you only, apart from the doctors, know the truth; that my aunts in Chartres, my father in the South, know nothing—never will know anything. How could I go on living idly, the end always before my thoughts? I can't give up my work."

"But there will come a time when you must give up," Courtland urged. "Then there will be no hope. Why not give up now, when there is hope?"

"That thought came to me," said Mathilde, "but it is deceitful. Now idleness would be terrible. But, then, when my powers are failing, it will be easy to lay all down. I shall be so tired—then!"

"You do not know—you are only imagining what the future may be."

Yet Courtland knew that what is difficult when the pulse of life is strong may be easy when it has become weak.

"I have thought it all out," she continued, "even the end. There is a little place near Lyons, high up in the mountains. From there, day by day, you can watch the snow-clad peaks of the Alps. There is a home there, a place where men and women go when they have no hope. It is kept by a religious order, but it is also charitable. Those are taken in who are not faithful Catholics. One can die there easily, looking across, day by day, to those Alpine peaks. That is where I shall go when the end comes very near. Till then I shall change nothing in my life."

But Courtland was unconvinced.

"You forget that that hope is so very small," she said with a little pathetic gesture of finality.

"You have no right to give up hope," he insisted.

"I have a right to choose for myself," she pleaded, and Courtland perforce remained silent. She had chosen to stand by herself in life.

For many days Courtland and Mathilde met frequently in the enjoyment of their renewed friendship. One day they spent at Fontainebleau, another at Vaux-de-Cernay, but between them there was no talk of the future, and there were moments in those days of June sunlight when Mathilde was gay and joyous, when it was possible to forget the shadow beneath which the future lay. Yet that shadow was always present.

In the evenings Courtland was often at the theatre. Night after night the Odéon was filled. Paris was not tired of "Le Dernier Jour."

As he watched that last act, night after night, Courtland marvelled. Yet how great was the strain upon her in that last act! As the climax came each night, Courtland knew what no one else in the theatre knew—that the actress was paying for her triumph with her life. Sometimes he was not at the theatre, because he felt that it was impossible for him to watch that last act—to see that spectacle of a woman choosing to die when the joy in her life had died out, and, despite her decision, trembling as she raised the phial of poison to her lips, then, when the irrevocable thing had been done, as she saw for one swift instant some vision of the fierce joy of living, regretting what she had done, only to sink down with a cry of pain as the hand of death crushed in upon her life.

Such was the last act of "Le Dernier Jour."

It was in Mathilde's dressing-room at the Odeon, in the interval before the last act.

Courtland was nonplussed, helpless. He had used his last argument and he had not prevailed.

"It is so easy for me," she repeated, "so much easier than it is for many. A way has been made ready. A little courage—that is all."

"A little courage!" Courtland burst out, almost in anger, "a little courage—to die! I ask you to show a greater courage—the courage to live!"

The climax had come so swiftly. He had come back to his rooms in the Rue de Berlin to find a letter waiting for him. It had

been lying waiting for him some hours. It was from Mathilde, and it told him that she had decided that night to do what she had been thinking of doing for many days, but had lacked the courage—to drink in the last act not a little wine, as usual, but a poison which she knew was painless, but quickly fatal.

"It seems," she wrote, "as if a way had been made ready for me."

She told also how by night, when she was alone, the thought of the slow-coming end was intolerable.

"Had it not been for our friendship," she wrote, "I should have done what I shall do to-night many days ago. My last thought will be that you have tried to help me."

With the words of her letter ringing in his thoughts Courtland had hurried to the Odéon.

He stood now before Mathilde, and she did not waver. He spoke once again of the greater courage, the courage to live, but she only smiled.

"It is not you who have to face the future," she said.

Then he remembered the last disjointed sentences of her letter.

"Is my wish nothing to you, Mathilde?" he asked.

She did not meet his gaze.

"It is much," she murmured, when he pressed her to answer.

"Won't you choose the greater courage because I ask you? Won't you give your life into my hands, to keep, to fight for? Won't you let me be with you till the end—to fight against that end, perhaps to conquer it?"

She looked at him, seeking to understand his meaning. "What can there ever be between us?" she asked.

He saw her as she stood there before him, her beauty even heightened and more seductive because of the pallor and the new seriousness in her face. He loved her still. Perhaps in time they might yet know the full joy of life.

"Some day, if you have courage—everything," he said.

She shivered. With a cold, dead hand upon her life, it was terrible to speak of love. Yet in that moment she realised what the joy of living might have been if, three years before, she had given Courtland a different answer.

"Three years ago, Mathilde," he was saying, "I asked you to marry me. I do so again now."

"It is in pity," she whispered. "Oh, don't tempt me, don't make it hard for me! Do you think I shall be able to bear seeing you chained to my side when this speck of hope you talk of has gone? Think of the misery for us both. Let me end it all to-night."

Yet as she spoke Courtland saw that she loved him. He determined to win by that power. He put his hands upon her shoulders. He forced her to meet his gaze.

"Are you so blind that you think it is because of pity?" he asked. "I will tell you why I ask it, Mathilde. Because I hope some day to know the greatest of all joys. You alone can give it me. However small the hope, I will give for it—anything!"

For a moment a light came into her eyes which Courtland could not mistake, and he thought he had conquered. A bell rang. It was time to go on the stage. Her decision came back to her. After all, she had thought it all out before. She was only now repeating thoughts she had already crushed. The way had been made ready for her. It was better for her to take it.

"You consent?"

"No," she said; "there is so much to which you are blind."

She went to the door. The phial was in her hand.

"Give me that," Courtland commanded.

"No," Mathilde answered; "I have not given up my decision. I have not thought out all that you have said. On the stage, away from you, I shall be able to think. I must choose for myself."

Before he could prevent her, she had passed through the door.

The Act began.

"I must choose for myself." The words echoed in Courtland's ears. He was helpless. What would Mathilde do? He could not tell. He could not influence her. The familiar act went on. Its climax approached. It was intolerable. He went back to the dressing-room and sat down. After a time he heard the last cry, the fall of the curtain, the applause.

Then, almost before he knew it, Mathilde had come back. She was stretching out her hand to him.

In it was the phial—untouched.

"I have chosen," she said, "what you call 'the greater courage.' It is as you wish."

He took her hand. It was cold and trembling.

A week afterwards, one of the great liners of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique slipped away from the quay at Havre into the deep water of the river, and headed out into the open Channel.

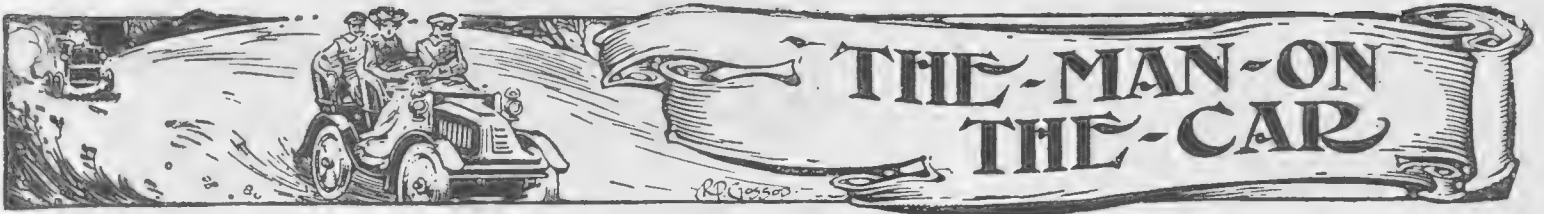
Courtland and Mathilde were on board. They sat in deck-chairs, looking out towards the west, and as the estuary widened and the coast of France slipped away, they looked down the Channel over the open sea to the horizon. Beyond the horizon, in America, Fairbank, with his skill and knowledge, was waiting.

France receded from sight. The light waned. But in the West the glow lingered long that night. The sea was calm, and there was hope that, when the dawn came, the sun would rise, unclouded.

THE END.

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THE GRAND PRIX—RETRIBUTION FOR THE SQUELCHING OF THE GORDON-BENNETT—CRUMBS OF COMFORT FOR BRITAIN.

THE Grand Prix des Voiturettes, which was held over six turns of the Dieppe Circuit on Monday last, and preceded the great French motor-race known as the Grand Prix, was instituted last year to infuse vitality into the small-car industry in France. Our sprightly neighbours look askance at cars which cannot boast the cachet of participation in some great competition, and in order to stimulate this business, now that the trade in big cars is languishing, the voiturette race has become one of the contests of the year.



THE GERMAN WINNER OF THE FRENCH MOTOR GRAND PRIX: LAUTENSCHLÄGER.

Photograph by Topical.

of 49·8, or very nearly 50, miles per hour. On one or two of the circuits, this speedy little vehicle travelled at an average of some fifty-two miles per hour.

One seldom ponders the immense effect produced on tests, reliability trials, and motor races by the tyres used in such events. In addition to their staunchness, which obviates the loss of time required for changes and repairs, there is the great but generally disregarded saving in wear-and-tear by the employment of a good resilient tyre. I have been led to ponder the above by a list of successes in which the well-known Continental tyres have been concerned. For instance, in the Irish Trials, cars with Continentals took gold medals and the one hundred guineas Dunlop Cup. In the fast and furiously driven Prince Henry Trophy they were in evidence on the vehicles which finished first to eighth; on the first, second, and third cars in the speed trial; and on the first, second, and third cars in the hill trial of that contest. Denmark saw them successful on the first and second cars in the Danish Reliability Trial, and Sweden in the first, second, and third cars in the Swedish Reliability Trial.

The results of the Grand Prix at Dieppe will be known long before these words see the light, so that space employed in a categorical recital of the positions or times would be thrown away. But the extraordinary result of the race calls for comment of a character which may not occur to all chroniclers. It will be within the memory of many readers of these notes that at the time our good friends across the Channel wiped out that real sporting event, the fairly

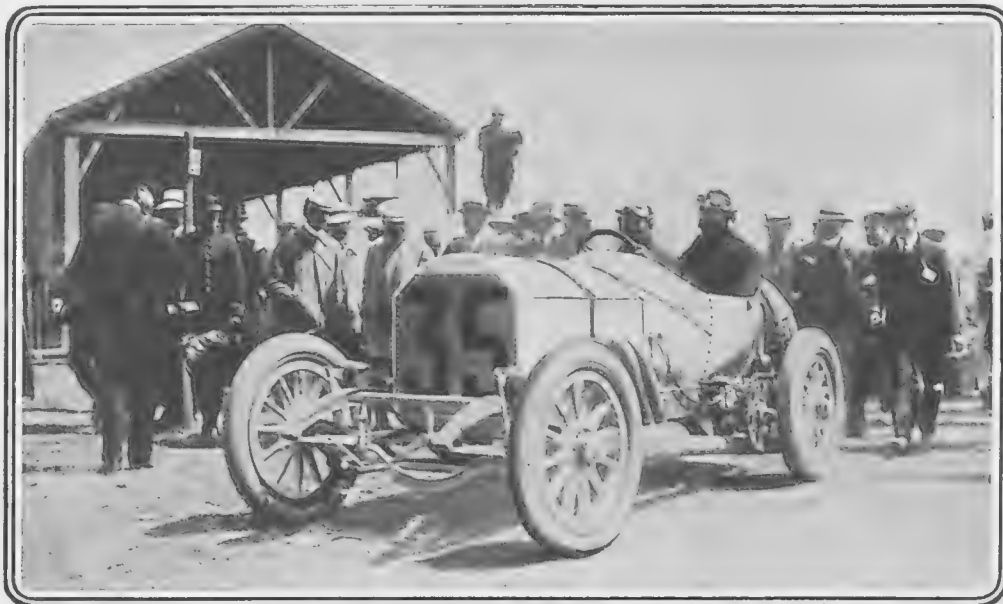
apportioned contest for the Gordon-Bennett Cup, I showed that their action was prompted by a mean desire to rule out any form of automobile competition in which France did not enjoy a hugely preponderating advantage. In this direction they were able, as I have suggested, to squelch the Gordon-Bennett and institute the Grand Prix, in which they could run as many cars as they liked, or, at any rate, a field in huge majority over that possible to any other nation. Now, mark the irony of events; for the powers that wait on noble deeds cancelled "a chance misused," and all France's plottings for overweening advantage have recoiled upon her own head.

If my memory serves me correctly, the French won the first two or three Gordon-Bennett races; at least, I know they were successful through Fournier and the Mors car in the Paris-Bordeaux event. Then Edge relieved them of the honour, in the interests of this country, to give way to Jenatszy's celebrated win on the Mercédès in Ireland. But France came again in Germany on the first Taunus circuit with the reliable Thiery and his Brasier, both car and man repeating the success the following year over the tortuous and mountainous Circuit d'Auvergne. Surely consecutive wins of that character should have satisfied France; but no, she practically wiped out the Gordon-Bennett to institute the Grand Prix, with all the chances in her favour. And with what result? Truly, she won the first of these unequally apportioned races with Szisz on his Renault at Le Mans, but last year saw Italy's triumph with the ever-victorious Nazzarro on his Fiat; and this year—oh! the shame of it—three German cars—German, mark ye!—finish first, second, and third. Oh, France where is thy glory now?



ENGINES VISIBLE: THE TRANSPARENT BONNET OF THE RENAULT CAR IN THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX.

Photograph by Bolak.



THE GERMAN VICTOR IN THE FRENCH MOTOR GRAND PRIX: LAUTENSCHLÄGER (GERMANY) ON HIS MERCEDES.

The French Grand Prix was run on July 7 on the Dieppe Course. Lautenschläger (Germany) was first on a Mercédès. His time for the 477 miles was 6 hours, 55 min., 43 sec.; Hemery (on a Benz) was second, in 7 hours, 4 min., 24 sec.; and Hanriot (on a Benz) third, in 7 hours, 5 min., 13 sec. Cissac, whose car left the track owing to the bursting of a tyre, and dashed into two trees, was killed with his mechanic, Schaubé.—[Photograph by the Topical Press.]

There is some salve to the British feeling in the performances of the two six-cylinder Austins, one driven by the gentleman amateur Mr. Moore-Brabazon, and the other by Mr. C. D. Fry's driver, D. Resta. They finished most consistently, seventeenth and eighteenth, with exactly four minutes between them, beating an Itala, an Opel, and a German by thirty seconds, twenty-one minutes twenty-one seconds, and twenty-six minutes and forty-four seconds respectively, taking the slowest, D. Resta's Austin.

KEY-NOTES

THE concert season now drawing to a close has hardly been a remarkable one, unless it may be said to claim a special interest on account of the steady increase in the number of concerts given. New prodigies have been conspicuous by their absence. Very few specimens of the little genius have appealed to the public. Old favourites have returned, and have done well, and the three remarkable singers, Elena Gerhardt, Julia Culp, and Tilley Koenen, have

delighted their old admirers and found many new ones. The pianists and violinists who have played to crowded concert-halls have almost without exception been here in past seasons. It would seem that there has been a very fair measure of support for the leading performers, but the young and struggling players, whose talent is so much less than their ambition, would be really well advised to leave recitals severely alone. Doubtless, they give them for the sake of advertisement, but it may be doubted whether such advertisement as they can procure is worth the outlay involved. The supply of capable players who have nearly everything save temperament is greatly in excess of the demand.



THE KING'S SERENADER: MR. J. JENKINS, CONDUCTOR OF THE BRISTOL HARMONIC MALE VOICE CHOIR, WHO SANG BEFORE THE KING.

Photograph by Snary.

of musical critic to the *Morning Post* after sixteen years' service, has long been recognised as one of the most competent and graceful writers in the service of the Press, and the complimentary dinner given to him a few nights ago by his colleagues was a timely and well-deserved tribute. Mr. Hervey's association with music is nearly thirty years old. He gave up the Diplomatic Service for its sake after studying with Berthold Tours and Edouard Marlois. The service of a great daily paper does not leave much leisure for composition, but Mr. Hervey has found time to write a one-act opera, several charming tone-poems, some violin pieces, and many charming songs. He has also written with authority upon French music, for he was brought up in Paris and has always protested against the neglect from which the music of our neighbours suffers in this country. We could wish that the protest had been more fruitful. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hervey will now be able to devote a considerable part of his time to composition, for his work does not lack either scholarship or inspiration, and has a wide range.

Miss Elsie Hall, who gave a recital last week, is one of our leading Colonial pianists. She has the proper temperament of the interpreter, and her readings are characterised by a pleasant combination of insight and restraint. Her programme on Tuesday night testified to the catholicity of her taste and the extent of her study, and though it was an ambitious one, and she was not always free from a nervousness that had its effect upon the *tempi*, the performance was one of more than common merit, and confirmed the good impression of earlier recitals. Miss Elsie Hall's progress will be watched with interest by concert-goers.

Rather late in the season "Fédora" has been revived at Covent Garden with Madame Lina Cavalieri in the title-rôle. This opera is now ten years old, and has been strangely successful on the Continent, claiming friends in many of the best musical circles, though it is curiously theatrical music and does not suggest such genuine inspiration as the composer's "Andrea Chenier." There is a constant suggestion that Giordano is going to say something very striking or very beautiful, coupled with a feeling that he has just missed saying it, but it is fair to remember that when the composer began to write, the taste for blood and thunder was still greater in Italy than it is to-day. Nothing can be more melodramatic than the rather crude version of "Fédora" that serves the opera-house, but Madame Cavalieri was quite successful within certain definite limits. Her voice, strong and finely trained, has no very agreeable quality; her acting, though it is correct and adequate, seems always to be the product of conscientious study rather than of genuine dramatic emotion born of the occasion. The new tenor, M. Garbin, has a powerful voice, though it is not a sweet one, and nervousness may be held accountable for the persistent tremolo that is never pleasing to English ears, though Italians justify it, and declare that singing that is free from tremolo can never be passionate or dramatic. M. Garbin brings a great reputation from South America, and it would seem that a large part of it will survive the journey. We hope to see him in other rôles, though the sands of the musical season are running out.

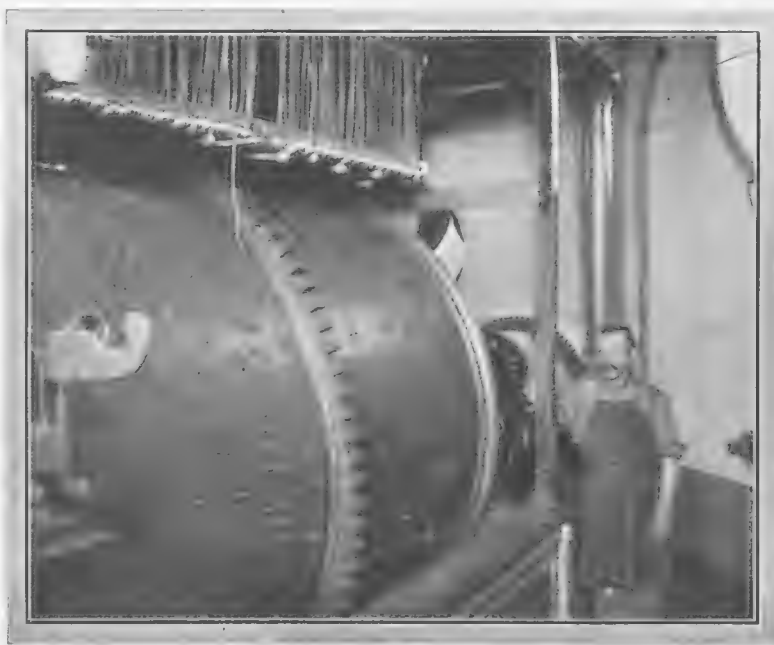


THE SOPRANO WHO MAKES THE AFTERNOON MUSICAL: MISS BERTHA SCHOLEFIELD.

On July 3 Miss Bertha Scholefield gave an "Afternoon of Music" under the patronage of Princess Christian, Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, the Duchess of Norfolk, and other distinguished people.

Photograph by Percival.

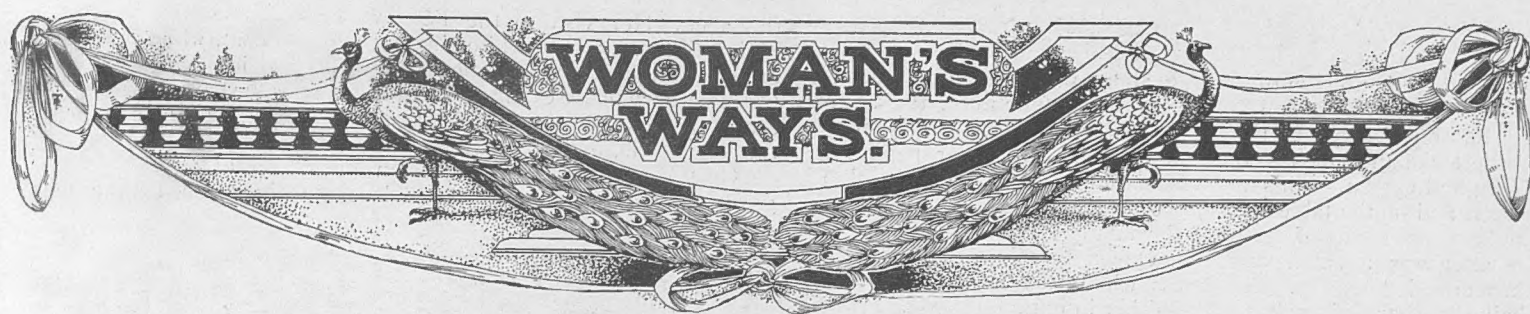
Meyerbeer's familiar opera "The Huguenots," which has survived another representation, is more than seventy years old, and is perhaps one of the most successful works of a composer whose genius was hardly on a par with his industry. It is given in London without the fifth act, but is probably quite long enough for most of us in the curtailed form. It will be remembered that Mlle. Selma Kurz made a great hit when the opera was revived two or three years ago. Tastes change slowly in London where opera is concerned, and much may be said against some of the works that hold a substantial position to-day in the public favour. But those of us who were brought up on a very liberal allowance of Meyerbeer and the other composers whom our grandfathers delighted to honour are doubtless quite satisfied to find the former represented by an opera that does at least possess moments of genuine inspiration, and to note the disappearance of such masterpieces as "L'Africaine," "Robert the Devil," and "I Puritani." Moreover, the "Huguenots" gives abundant opportunity for scenic effects, and Covent Garden can handle these in first-class fashion.



A BIG MUSICAL-BOX IN A BELFRY: THE DRUM THAT PLAYS THE CARILLON AT BRUGES.

The famous peal of bells at Bruges is played on the principle of a musical-box, with an enormous drum weighing nearly 2000 lb. In the drum are 30,000 holes for brass pegs which touch the trackers and move the wires communicating with the bell-hammers. The airs are changed once a year, and the drum is wound up every two hours by an official, who pants with the exertion of winding. (Photograph by Knowles.)

COMMON CHORD.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

An Ideal Country House.

From a recent article in the *Fortnightly Review*, it would appear that we have lost the secret of entertaining in the country, as entertaining was understood by the "great world" of the seventeenth century. Modern hosts and hostesses—even when they are dukes and duchesses—concern themselves too much with the comings and

goings of their guests, and, moreover, spend too much time in endeavouring to amuse them; whereas everyone knows that all that the average guest desires (in summer time) is to be left alone in a basket-chair under a cedar-tree. As a guide for the prospective host who would revive the glories of English hospitality, we have Lord Clarendon's account of the social doings at Great Tew, Lord Faulkland's famous seat in Oxfordshire, in the peaceful years just preceding the Civil War. Being a bookish man, he loved to invite the Dons of the neighbouring University, who, Clarendon says, "all found their lodging there . . . nor did the lord of the house know of their coming and going, nor who were in his house till he came to dinner or supper, where all met; otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint to make them weary of staying there." Such unostentatious arrivals and departures seem ideal, and for the host himself the element of surprise about his own house-party must have had its engaging side.

The "Compleat" Hostess.

It is not too much to say that the "compleat"

hostess does not yet exist, or, at least, there is but one specimen of the genus, and wild horses shall not drag from me her name, lest all the world should flock to make her acquaintance, and thus unduly crowd the bedrooms which she has at her disposal. This hostess, although an Englishwoman, has entertained both in England and in the United States, and she carefully avoids the faults of both countries in the matter of house-parties. There is no need to enlarge on our own failings, for they are well known, and consist chiefly in the driving of people to garden-parties against their will, and of inflicting the local neighbours on offending London guests. The ordinary American hostess's idea of entertaining is never to leave her friends for one moment alone, but to watch them as the domestic pussy-cat does a mouse. Nor are they allowed to relapse into silence for one single moment of the day or evening, nor to cease from a round of so-called amusement during the time they are awake. This frenzied whirl cannot be kept up for more than the inside of a week, and the result is that country visits in America are of the briefest description. On the Continent the chief characteristic of life in country châteaux is that the house-party is treated as a herd: it must always be together *au grand complet*; the conversation, at meals and all day long, is always general; couples are neither allowed to stray nor to converse together;

country walks are taken in flocks; and after dinner the company is expected to sit upright in a complete circle.

Moth Maniacs.

The passion for collecting these ephemeral insects (I imagine that the moth, like the railway-porter's tortoise, comes under the category of insects) is

making rapid headway this hot summer, and the strangest sights are to be seen, not only in the Champs Elysées, in Paris, where stout and elderly entomologists, armed with butterfly-nets, besiege the lighted lamp-posts, but here in London, wherever the giddy and foolish moth assemblies round the "guarded flame." Efforts should at once be made to utilise this mania for moth-hunting, and the services of the amateur should be enlisted in an organised raid on the noxious creatures who annually destroy our furs and devastate our furniture. The season when they can be caught is brief, and expert moth-collectors might be invited to try their prowess in all the cupboards of the upper regions. A successful battue of moths would represent a money value far in advance of a battue of pheasants, and the sport (to the true enthusiast) would offer infinitely more diversion. Afternoon parties to which young persons of both sexes were invited "for moth-hunting" might prove not only highly popular, but, in the end, handsomely remunerative. The wise woman always endeavours to divert popular enthusiasm to some useful end.

The Timid Sex!

Once upon a time, woman shrieked at a mouse; now, if she "shrieks," it is in order to effect a reform. As a matter of fact, it would be grossly inaccurate nowadays to describe womenfolk as "timid." Now that the ladies compete in motor races at sixty miles an hour, go up, as a matter of course, in balloons and dirigibles, make raids on the House of Commons, ascend the Shreckhorn, run toboggan races at St. Moritz, and even invite men to dine at their clubs, they cannot, in any fairness, be classed among the shy and recluse mammalia. Moreover, every astute observer of the Human Comedy has long been aware that women have far more moral courage than men. What man, for instance, dares to dismiss (or even to rebuke) his cook without infinite trepidation? What man would have the courage to wear the masculine equivalent of a Directoire dress and a matinée hat of vast proportions? What male person would have the audacity to snub the right person with the supreme impertinence shown by his more courageous womenkind? Man, too, is much more the slave of social ritual than woman, hence his heroic adherence to black-cloth coats and top-hats in the most torrid weather, and his performance of other uncomfortable rites which woman, with her larger latitude, would not consent to undergo. Some other epithet, it is obvious, will have to be found for The Sex.



[Copyright.]

A DAINY MUSLIN GOWN TRIMMED WITH EMBROIDERED LACE AND INSERTION.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

As yet there is no sign of waning about this wonderful season. Last week was as full as ever of social functions; the State Ball on Friday was the last Court entertainment. Monday night the Duke and Duchess of Wellington had a dinner party for the King and Queen. This was a beautiful affair in the Waterloo Chamber, and on the table was some of the most beautiful gold plate in England, heirlooms of the Wellesley family. The dance after was a small one; the Queen greatly dislikes crowded dances. A hostess who gives a big ball when her Majesty has signified her intention of honouring it is little likely to have an opportunity to repeat the indiscretion.

I hear of one or two instances of extreme Directoire dresses having been worn. One lady found it absolutely impossible to sit down, and was foolish enough to tell the reason to a friend. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to teasing her unmercifully. A reproof is said to have been administered to a would-be leader of this fashion by an august personage: "Every time you pass me I see your legs." "Oh, Ma'am, I hope not; I should be ashamed." "That is what you should be."

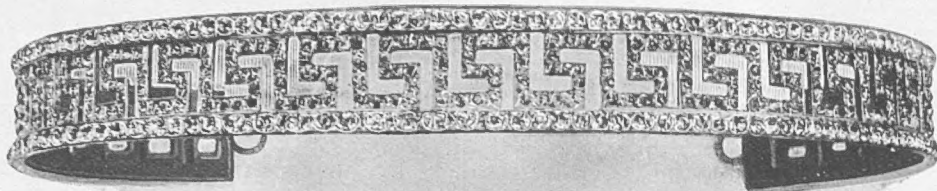
There are several distinguishing features of the Directoire dress. That which is the coming mode is the adaptation of the costumes of the Incroyables—the name being sufficiently suggestive. This will be adapted, naturally, but it means for the autumn a banishment of frillies about the feet. Ever in the know, and always leading, the Parisian Diamond Company have introduced diamond decorations round the heels of the high satin shoes for evening wear. The shoes are, of course, in colour to match the dresses, and the diamond collar is precisely fitted round the edge of the heel, and differs in design. It is narrow, and the effect as neat feet, delightfully encased in silken hose and satin shoon, go tripping to and fro in a ball-room will be brilliantly attractive.

As this enterprising firm have devised this novelty for shoes, so they have also new things for the hair. Their Empire tiaras are lovely, graceful in shape, admirably adapted to the newest hair-dressing, and in themselves beautiful. They are classical in conception, and will therefore be quite right for the classical style of drapery now so much in vogue. There is a picture of one on this page in the Greek key pattern, which is at the moment the rage, and which will be approved of by the smartest women. Another is in the form of two long tapering fronds of fern, encased in brilliants and formed of brilliants. In front they came down to a charming point. Also I much admired a new finish to a row of pearls, which is a tassel of pearls drawn through two balls of diamonds. The pearls are exquisite, and this treatment of them very graceful.

Ribbon is to be advanced in favour in the realms of millinery. This has been decreed by Queen Fashion's President of the Board of Hats, the Right Hon. M. Lewis, whose Maison Lewis establishments provide the smartest headgear for the smartest women in the principal capitals of Europe. Ribbon hats are the newest thing,

of peace, in 1858. She was a beauty of the 'fifties and celebrated for tiny feet. Her visit to the Fête was made in a dress of palest pink satin, with a long white silk embroidered coat, while her white crinoline straw hat was finished with white ostrich-feathers. Lady Cardigan is actually Countess of Cardigan, her husband having been the Earl. The wife of the Marquess of Ailesbury's only son bears the same title, but by courtesy.

On "Woman's Ways" page is an illustration of a dainty muslin gown trimmed with embroidered lace and insertion in the new



THE GREEK CRAZE EVEN IN JEWELLERY: A BRACELET IN THE GREEK KEY PATTERN AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

shade of cedar green, which is being so much worn at the garden parties, now such favourite forms of entertainment. As these last in the country on into October, this new dark soft shade of green is very useful.

Miss Diana Sturt's wedding to Mr. Henry Brougham on Monday was an extremely pretty one. The bridesmaid's dresses were so charming. They were, for the grown-up girls, of striped pure white mousseline-de-soie and silk. The skirts were quite plain, the stripes charmingly arranged. The bodices were swathed partly, in Directoire style, with buttons of old paste showing soft fluffed-out vests of plain silk muslin below yokes of lace. The sleeves of the striped material were rucked, and to the wrist frills of lace fell over the hands. One big white rose in a spray of its own green leaves finished each bodice. The four little bridesmaids wore plain white silk muslin frocks, the skirts finished with frills and the bodices low in the necks. The King and Queen gave the bride a ruby-and-diamond circle brooch. The reception was a small one, owing to the death of the bride's uncle by marriage, the late Viscount Chelsea. Mr. Henry Brougham is Lord Brougham and Vaux's only son, and has the same name as that distinguished statesman, his great-uncle.

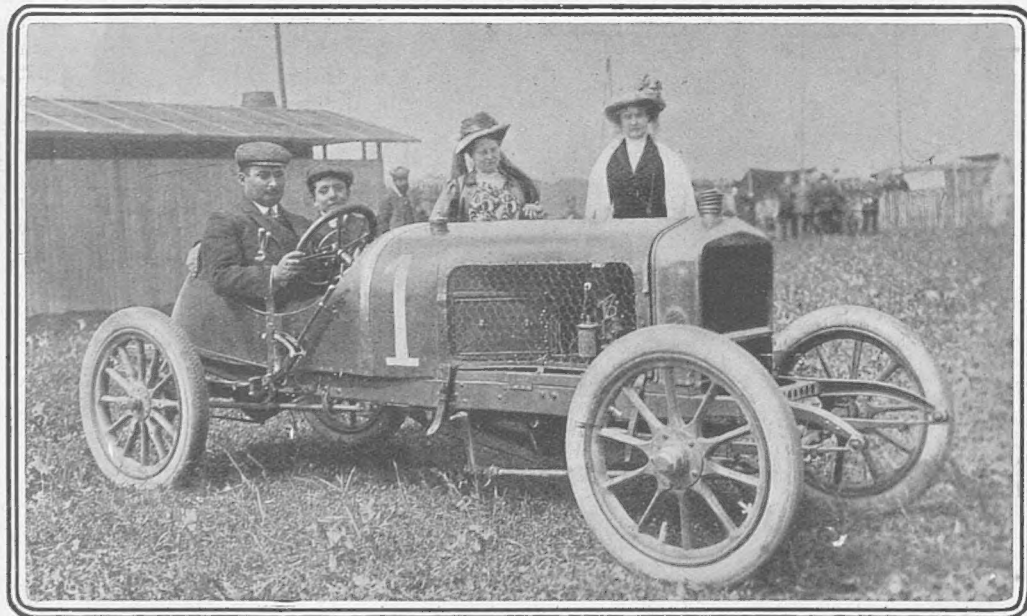
The Quadrant end of Regent Street is wonderfully improved. I was much struck by its imposing aspect as I walked there the other day, and stopped to look in the windows of the very artistic-looking premises of Messrs. Leopold, which are in Louis XVI. style, and look very distinguished as a home for bijouterie.

THE ALHAMBRA.

The new star at the Alhambra is Mr. Robert Steidl, the German humourist.

He describes most amusingly a French military conductor rehearsing his band, and sings an amusing song, "Old Friend Schmidt," grinding the accompaniment out of his hat. He gives imitations of an English family off to Richmond by motor-boat, and of a performance on the 'cello. Tremendously funny is Mr. Steidl's skit upon the craze for Salome dances. He introduces "the real and original Salome," who, in spite of age, dances "Salome Boom - de - ay." What the real Salome exactly is, it would not be fair to Mr. Steidl to confess her; but there is a trick, and a funny one at that, which nobody should miss seeing if they want half-an-hour's excellent fun. Mr. Steidl keeps his audience in fits for quite that time.

The British contingent for the Quebec Tercentenary celebrations included many well-known members of Society, such as: Lord Roberts and Lady Aileen Roberts, Earl Ranfurly, Lord Lovatt, Lord Bruce, the Marchioness of Donegal, Sir Keith Fraser, General Sir Reginald and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, Captain the Hon. A. Dawney with Lady Susan Elliot, Sir M. B. Wilson, Bart., Captain the Hon. A. Murray, M.P., Lady Gibb, Captain the Hon. A. H. Ruthven, Captain the Hon. Dudley Carleton. These all sailed from Liverpool last Friday by the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Ireland*. Many intended to continue their visit to Canada after the celebrations, and are proceeding to the Rocky Mountains. General and Lady Pole-Carew are travelling through Canada to Japan and China.



WINNER IN THE VOITURETTE GRAND PRIX: GUYOT ON HIS DELAGE, FITTED WITH MICHELIN TYRES.

Photograph by Branger.

and are especially suitable for the holidays, when feathers and flowers often prove too perishable to be satisfactory.

An interesting visitor to the Veterans' Fête on the opening day was the Countess of Cardigan, widow of Lieutenant-General the seventh Earl of Cardigan, who rode at the head of the Light Brigade in the celebrated charge at Balaclava. She was not the wife of Lord Cardigan at the time of the charge, for his first wife was then living. The Countess married him as his second wife, after the declaration

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 28.

THE rush for the Irish Loan was quite like old times, and the enormous subscription shows that when the public get what they think is "a dead snip" they have not forgotten the way to apply for it. Of course, the price, compared with the old stock, was cheap, and a large number of "stags" are among the applicants; but it is refreshing in these times to find that there are even "stags" left, and we think the success of the issue will do the whole of the Consols Market good.

Once again the Wither-Furness report emphasises the wisdom of avoiding shares which are persistently "pushed" by the outside touting fraternity. On the strength of previous dividends, these shares have been recommended to the innocent country investor all over the United Kingdom, and a large number must have changed hands, judging by our correspondence columns. The insiders have thus been able to get out at prices which they never would have obtained if the lowering of the dividend had been anticipated, and the bucket-shops—who, no doubt, had options on large blocks of shares—have done a roaring trade. The worst of it is that both the shipbuilding and freight outlooks are by no means bright, and it is doubtful if the Company is doing as well now as during the bulk of its last financial year.

THE NEW COMPANY ACT.

Continuing our last week's note on the new Act, which came into force on the 1st inst., we would call our readers' attention to the very wise provision that Companies carrying on business in this country and registered abroad must file at Somerset House information which will be of great use to intending investors or persons dealing with the Company.

In future the creditors, not the shareholders, will practically control the liquidation of a Company, and the voluntary liquidator must not only file notice of his appointment within twenty-one days, but call a meeting of creditors within seven days, and at such meeting the creditors will be able to determine whether they desire the voluntary liquidation to continue or not.

The scandal of giving Debentures with a floating charge to favoured creditors for old debts, and so placing them in front of the other creditors, has been struck at, and any such Debentures given for other than an immediate cash advance within three months of a liquidation, will in future be of so doubtful a value that the practice will no doubt be given up. There are other valuable provisions giving the public the right to inspect the register of mortgages and compelling copies of balance-sheets and reports to be sent to debenture-holders as well as to shareholders.

On the whole, the Act will remedy defects in the law long acknowledged, and many of which have been crying scandals for years; but the provisions are highly technical, and the need of legal assistance in Company matters becomes more emphasised with each addition to the numberless statutes dealing with limited liability. It is almost impossible for the plain man to carry out all the now necessary formalities required to comply with the law, unless he has a lawyer at his elbow, and a codification of the whole Company law and its incorporation into one comprehensive act is most urgently needed.

THE BANKING HALF-YEAR.

The results of all the London Banks are not yet to hand, but judging from those already published—such as the London and Westminster, the London, City and Midland, and others of a representative type—one can say that the profits show a considerable falling-off, although, except in the case of the London Joint Stock Bank, the dividends have been maintained at the previous level. Of course, the drastic writing-down of securities which took place a year or two ago has not got to be repeated, and the shareholders are reaping the benefit of the sound policy then adopted.

As to the provincial institutions, the same remarks apply, but the state of the Woollen trade has caused a drop of 1s. a share in the case of the Bradford Banking Company's dividend. On the whole, the steadiness of the yield upon Bank shares in this country is wonderful, and reflects great credit upon the management of all our big institutions.

THE NIGEL GOLD-MINING COMPANY AND OTHER THINGS.

The recent "boom" or "boomlet" in South African shares seems to be over for the moment, but it has left many shares at prices well above those ruling six months ago, and as quotations were then undoubtedly too low in many cases, the higher level of prices seems likely to be maintained. Among the shares which have appreciated, I should like to draw attention to *Nigels*, now standing at 3½. This Company is paying regular dividends of 30 per cent. per annum, and as a dividend of 3s. per share is included in the present price, the shares return a clear 10 per cent. The Company has recently acquired on very favourable terms 174 new claims, full particulars as to which will be given at the general meeting, to be held on Aug. 27. The feature of recent reports has been the steady decrease in working costs, and the increase in ore reserves. The working costs for the last four years have been—

1904	43s. 2d. per ton crushed.
1905	34s. 4d. " "
1906	27s. 7d. " "
1907	26s. 10d. " "

The ore reserves at the end of 1906 amounted to 445,523 tons, as against 394,945 tons at the end of 1905. It is expected that in both respects a further improvement will be shown in the forthcoming report. With regard to the life of the mine it is more than usually difficult to form any estimate, but the following quotation from the chairman's speech at the last annual meeting may be of interest: "The mine

has never in its history looked so promising as it now does. . . . I mentioned last year that we had been working the mine for about sixteen years, and had only worked out forty-five of the 532 reef claims, leaving 487 claims still to be exploited. During the year we are now dealing with I find we have only worked out another seven claims, making fifty-two worked-out claims out of the 532 reef claims. This leaves 480 reef claims still intact. When you consider that seven claims worked out during the year have given you 30 per cent. in dividends, and that 480 claims remain untouched—I do not say they are all of the same value as the seven claims referred to—you are able to arrive at some conclusion as to the life of the Mine." I ventured some time since in these columns to prophesy that the dividend on *River Plate and General Trust* Deferred stock would be increased ere long to 7 per cent. per annum. It is announced this week that the interim dividend for the half-year ended June 30 is to be 3 per cent. against 2½ per cent. last year; this no doubt means that the stock will be put upon a 7 per cent. basis this year. The *Metropolitan Trust* Company is also increasing its interim distribution from 3½ to 4 per cent. The increase in both cases is largely due to a successful issue of Debenture Stock—the *Industrial and General Trust* is making an issue of £500,000 of Debenture stock, and if I were inclined to make another prophecy I should say that the dividend on this Company's Ordinary stock is likely to be increased within twelve months to 7½ per cent. Q.

The report of C. Arthur Pearson is cheerful reading. The profits for the year are enough to pay the 5½ per cent. Preference dividend about three and a half times over.

* * * * *

Gwalior Consolidated shares, now quoted at 3s. 3d., look as if they were worth buying. The capital is only £80,000, and the financial difficulties of the Company have been overcome without the necessity of making a Debenture issue.

* * * * *

The reconstruction of Argyll Motors, Limited, is likely to be painful for all concerned. If something is not done there will be a lot of cheap cars on the market soon.

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Shareholders in the Apollinaris and Johannis Company get their 5 per cent. dividend, and, considering how very bad last year was for mineral waters, they may think themselves lucky. For a speculative investment paying high interest the shares are quite a good purchase.

* * * * *

Kynoch's profits have dropped from £72,656 last year to £20,535 this year, and the Ordinary dividend is to be passed. As a fact, the profits are not enough to pay directors' fees and Debenture interest. The late issues of capital do not seem to have added to the prosperity of the Company.

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The Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway, by altering the date to which their accounts are made up from Dec. 31 to June 30, will bring themselves into line with the other Argentine lines, and the market is pleased with the change.

Saturday, July 11, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

F. C. A.—Both the shares you inquire about are good Industrial risks; but, as in the case of the whole of your list, you are taking trade risks, and may have bad as well as good years. Why do you not buy some good Argentine Railway stock by way of a change? As to the broker giving top price, it is impossible to say that he could do better, especially in the sort of shares you hold, where the markets are limited. Sometimes a broker can deal at below middle price; often he has to give a good bit over it.

S. N.—The address has been sent you.

KINGS.—The fall in the price of tin, and the fact that the mining ground is rather poor at present, have produced the collapse in price. We think it would pay to buy a few more to average. It would be a speculation.

SUCCÉDER.—(1) The objection to dealing with the people you name is that they get options on shares and then push them on to their clients. If you gamble through them they will pay what they lose. (2) Not a bad speculation. (3) If you buy on the plan named and the shares fall, you have to find more margin, or your shares are sold. It is only another name for dealing on "cover."

E. H. K.—We have sent you the name and address of the brokers. They will do your business with care, and may be relied upon.

A. T. J.—The bank would not suit us. It is a bill-of-sale, money-lending concern, to which we would not entrust our own money.

W. R. G.—See last answer. No bank includes in its assets unclaimed property. The Bill in question would not affect any honestly conducted bank.

J. B. M.—As to your inquiries—(1) The Company is a respectable one, but the results are very unfavourable, and we doubt if the shares will ever be of appreciable value. (2) A South African revival might improve this concern, and it is worth holding on to. (3 and 4) In our opinion, of no value. (5) A good Company and doing well. (6) Ditto.

E. H. C.—You had better hang on to your Americans, but it is very much of a gamble. It is quite usual to send bearer bonds to your bankers for safe keeping.

GLEN SPEY.—We believe in the future of Canada, and the Third Pref. stock, if paid for and put away, is a likely speculation. On the whole, we would rather buy C. P. Railway Ordinary.

T. B.—Both Railway securities seem to us good speculations, but cannot be called "safe investments." It would hardly pay to buy and carry over.

E. A. C.—The Exhibition traffic is increasing receipts by about £1200 a week. The intention is to hold further exhibitions at Shepherd's Bush.

QUERY.—We must make inquiries for you, and reply next week.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket I fancy the following: July Handicap, Albert Hall; Swaffham Handicap, Aubergine; Zetland Plate, Perrier; Thirty-Third Sale Stakes, Floridor; Summer Handicap, Pillo; Bury Handicap, Aghast; Midsummer Stakes, St. Elf; Chesterfield Stakes, Battle Axe. At Sandown, Lesbia may win the Eclipse Stakes; and for other events I like these: Surbiton Handicap, Melotai; Victoria Welter, Yentoi; Great Kingston Plate, Gruffanuff; Royal Handicap, Oreb; Warren Handicap, Li Hung; Surrey Handicap, Dutch; National Breeders' Produce Stakes, Bayardo; Coombe Plate, Ebor.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

Dominy's Dollars. By B. Paul Neuman. (Murray.)—*Restitution.* By Dorothea Gerard. (John Long.)—*The Adventurer.* By Lloyd Osbourne. (Heinemann.)

DOMINY'S DOLLARS (Murray) is the last volume of the trilogy which Mr. Paul Neuman has called collectively "The Paths of the Blind," the blind being the votaries of Mammon. It is a strong piece of work, a modern elaboration of the parable of the young man who went away sorrowful, because he had great possessions. Dominy began to heap up riches for the sake of their future power, and it looked at first as if his fine spirit would escape the penalties of the quest. But the gold laid its hands upon him, and made him a prisoner through the best years of his life, and in the end he found himself stripped of love and health and hope. He was given his choice as a child in the New York Ghetto, between learning, art, and money; and he chose money. The building of his fortune makes an engrossing story; so, too, does his early career in the city streets, where his decision was taken, as a matter of fact, long before that benevolent speculator, Mr. Gannett, caught him up to finance. His renunciation of Sadie does not quite ring true. Even if he had forsaken his money-making for her, he was too sincere to become a Roman Catholic except through conviction; and as Sadie was already a devout convert, it is difficult to see how they could have come to happy union. Dominy stands for a type of financier, but he is of a nobler, more idealistic breed than Josiah Porlick, the "successful" man of Mr. Neuman's first book.

What a pity the problem of the Polish exiles has not always solved itself as satisfactorily as it did in the case of Tadensz Swigello, whose remarkable history Mme. Longard de Longgarde gives us in "Restitution"! Even she, however, has to take Katya Malkoff, the heiress of the Cossack captain to whom the Swigello estate was transferred after the rising of '63, to marriage with the dispossessed Tadensz by a long and circuitous route. Katya, with feminine perversity, was more interested in the Swigello fortunes than a patriotic young Russian lady had any business to be, and her girlish dreams were full of the lost family, for lost it was until accident brought to light its existence, in the person of Tadensz and Witek, and their sister, the consumptive Kazimira. Their father had survived the massacre of the "Lost Ones" by a miracle, and had come alive out of Siberia, contrary to the common belief round about Lubynia, his ancestral home. So it was that the Swigellos were materialised out of Katya's dreams, and that she was able, by the

help of somebody else's passport and her own adventurous spirit, to go to look for them across the Austrian border. Her intention was to marry Count Swigello, and thus restore his own to him again. How she succeeded in capturing his heart; how she was discovered to be a Malkoff by him and thrown aside, although he loved her; and how it took Russian prisons and the shadow of death itself to reunite them—is the gist of a most exciting story. We may be permitted to be sceptical about Katya's matrimonial enterprise; but the account of the events of '63 and the story of the escape from the fortress at Warsaw are written in the pages of Polish history. Altogether, a capital novel, fresh, animated, and admirably told, and dealing, moreover, with the side-issues of a struggle that will never fail to interest English people. Katya herself is a charming person, and is drawn with great spirit.

Mr. Lewis Kirkpatrick was cut out by nature for adventures, and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, who has called his new book "The Adventurer," out of compliment to him, sees that he has them. They are not disbursed with a niggardly hand: that, as readers fond of a good yarn know by this time, is far from being Mr. Osbourne's way. Neither are they staled by the custom of novels, and when it is remembered how great a harvest of such stories has been gathered for us in the last quarter of a century, it will be conceded that a really new one is a treat worth having. We were filled with curiosity through the first chapters, while Mr. Kirkpatrick's Yankee grit was being tested by adversity and the machinations of "Mr. Smith," alias "Desperate Enterprise"; because it was plain that Kirk would emerge triumphantly from his London ordeal, and be privileged to embark on some hazardous mission elsewhere. The question which agitated our mind was where there could possibly be fresh ground for him to break. Mr. Rider Haggard, and Mr. Le Queux, and Mr. Max Pemberton have made a pretty close division of earth, air, and sea between them; and we suspect that Mr. Osbourne sat face to face with this awkward circumstance for some time before he hit upon Kirkpatrick's road to success. It would be unfair to reveal it in a review; we will only say that it led to great treasure, and that it was explored by a means of locomotion which was neither automobile, nor air-ship, nor submarine, nor any vehicle more familiar than these. Do you want to know how Kirk was tried before he was accepted for service? He was given a hundred-pound note, he being at the time a homeless wanderer in London, and told to restore it intact to its donor on a given date. He nearly failed, and his narrow squeak is perhaps the most breathless moment in the book. The stars in their courses seemed to be fighting against him, but, lucky for the readers of "The Adventurer," he scraped through to fortune.

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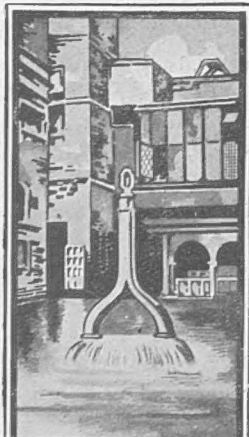
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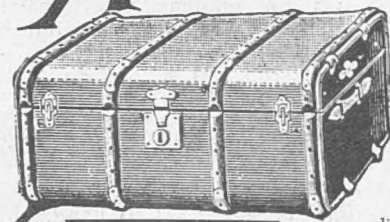
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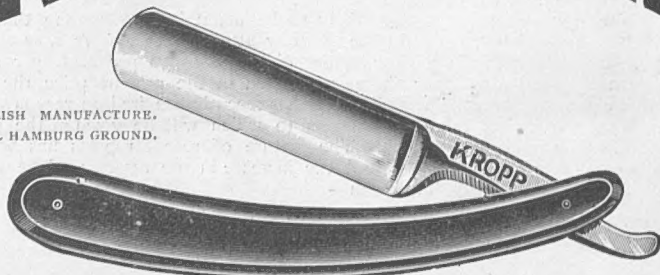
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